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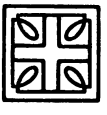

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Vorbemerkungen.

Bei der grossen Fülle des Stoffes habe ich es als Schwierigkeit empfunden, die Gruppierungen, wie sie in der Abhandlung versucht worden sind, genau von einander abzugrenzen. Doch wird aus den Bemerkungen pp. 11, 19, 48 und 69 wohl hinreichend deutlich hervorgehen, in welchem Sinne die Überschriften: „Inneres Verhältnis zur Bibel" und „Der stilistische Einfluss der Bibel" zu verstehen sind; auch im ersteren Abschnitt schien es mir genügend, Gegenüberstellungen zu geben, da die zitierten Gedichte, in ihrem vollen Umfang gelesen, keines paraphrasierenden Kommentars bedürfen.

Die Bibliographie ist im Britischen Museum ausgearbeitet, und dürfte, ob zwar längst nicht alles auf das Thema dieser Abhandlung Bezug hat, für sonstige literarische Zwecke dienlich sein.

Es ist mir eine angenehme Pflicht, meinen Dank auszusprechen: Mr. W. M. Rossetti für freundliche briefliche Auskünfte, dem Verlag Macmillan & Co., London, für die gütige Zustimmung zum Abdruck von Zitaten und ganzen Gedichten aus den Poetical Works, und ganz besonders meinem verehrten Lehrer, Herrn Prof. Dr. O. Jiriczek für die Anregung zu dieser Arbeit und für seine freundliche Unterstützung bei ihrer Ausführung.

M. Ignatia Breme, S. S. U.

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Die Gedichte Christina Rossettis sind zitiert nach der Gesamtausgabe von 1904, die Bibel nach der Authorized Version, da Christina Rossetti diese benutzte. Mr. W. M. Rossetti war so gütig, mir über diesen Punkt zu schreiben: „The version of the Bible which Christina constantly used was the Authorized English version. In her later years she knew also what is called the Revised version, but only as supplementary to her use of the Authorized version." Ich habe die Revised version zum Vergleich herangezogen, ohne aber einen besonderen Einfluss dieser Ausgabe der Bibel konstatieren zu können.

I.

Christina Rossetti, Leben und Dichtung.

Es ist Gewohnheit bei den Kritikern weiblicher Kunstleistungen als höchstes Lob den Ausdruck „männliche Kraft" zu gebrauchen. Es bleibt zu untersuchen, ob wirklich gerade die „männliche Kraft" der reinste, heiligste Ausdruck der Persönlichkeit der schaffenden Frau war; denn als echte Künstlerin war es ihr ganz unmöglich, etwas anderes zu geben als sich selbst, sie will und kann ihre Natur nicht verleugnen.

Ein Weib im edelsten Sinne tritt uns entgegen in den Werken Christina Rossettis. Nicht „männliche", d. h. strebende, wirkende, glänzende Kraft, sondern eine still schaffende, zum Leben, zur Schönheit, zur Güte drängende Macht tritt uns hier entgegen. Sie hat etwas Geheimnisvolles, Sibyllenhaftes; wie eine Seherin enthüllt sie die Geheimnisse des menschlichen Herzens, indem sie uns einen Blick tun lässt in die Tiefen ihrer eigenen Seele. Edmund Gosse[1]) nennt sie „one of the most perfect poets of the age — not one of the most powerful, of course, nor one of the most epoch-making, but one of the most perfect — to a writer toward whom we may not unreasonably expect that students of English literature in the 24 th century may look back as the critics of Alexandria did toward Sappho and toward Erinna." Auch Arthur Symons[2]) vergleicht sie mit Sappho wegen ihrer künstlerischen Kraft und Beschränkung verbunden mit einer ausserordentlich reichen und tiefen Natur.

Je einfacher die äusseren Linien ihres Lebens waren, um so dringender wird unser Wunsch, in ihr persönliches Innenleben zu blicken, um aus ihm ihre Werke zu verstehen. Dank der feinsinnigen und liebevollen Arbeit ihres sie überlebenden Bruders

1) Critical Kit-Kats p. 138.
2) Studies In Two Literatures, p. 136.

William Michael Rossetti ist uns das möglich gemacht. Durch di Herausgabe von Briefen und Tagebüchern, [1]) und vor allem durc die Mitteilung seiner eigenen Erinnerungen, — denn Christin Rossetti pflegte ihr inneres Leben für gewöhnlich nicht Briefen an zuvertrauen — hat er uns ein Bild der Dichterin gegeben, wie e ihren Gedichten entspricht.

Sie war die jüngste Tochter des Gabriele Rossetti und seine Gattin, Frances Mary Lavinia, geborene Polidori. Ihr Vater hatt im Jahre 1821 aus politischen Gründen aus Neapel fliehen müssen er blieb Italiener, und wir hören von seinem Sohn, dass er nie selbst nicht in der Familie englisch sprach. Frances Polidori hatt eine englische Mutter, und so fliesst in den Adern der Dichterin auch germanisches Blut, und man muss sagen, dass sie vorwiegend Engländerin war. Hier und da ist in ihren Poesien eine tiefe leidenschaftliche Glut, die an den Süden erinnert; doch nur in einem ihrer Gedichte, En Route,[2]) bringt sie ihre grosse Liebe für ihr eigentliches Vaterland, Italien, zum Ausdruck:

> Wherefore art thou strange and not my mother?
> Thou hast stolen my heart and broken it.
> Would that I might call thy sons „my Brother",
> Call thy daughters „Sister sweet";
> Lying in thy lap, not in another,
> Dying at thy feet.[3])

Die italienische Sprache beherrschte sie vollständig, das zeigen ihre italienischen Gedichte, von denen man sagt, dass selbst Italiener kaum merken können, dass die Sprache nicht ihre eigentliche Muttersprache war. Mit ihren drei Geschwistern, Dante Gabriel, Maria[4]) und William Michael wuchs sie auf in einem

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1) Dante Gabr. Rossetti. His Family-Letters. 2 vol. London 1895. Rossetti-Papers. London 1903. Ruskin: Rossetti: Preraphaelite Papers. 1854 to 1862. London 1899.

2) The Poetical Works. p. 377.

3) W. M. Rossetti schreibt in einer Note zu diesem Gedicht: „The passionate delight in Italy to which En Route bears witness suggests that she was almost an alien — or, like her father, an exile — in the North." Nur einmal, im Jahre 1865, war sie in Italien zusammen mit ihrer Mutter und ihrem Bruder. Sie besuchten nur den Norden.

4) Die ältere Schwester war für Christina in jeder Hinsicht ein Ideal. Sie war ebenfalls sehr begabt und gleich den anderen Mitgliedern der Familie eine Verehrerin Dantes. Sie schrieb: The Shadow of Dante, eine Erklärung der Divina Commedia. Seit ihrer Confirmation, wie uns ihr Bruder erzählt, füllte die

ücklichen Familienkreise, umgeben von Sorgfalt und Liebe. Die utter war die Erzieherin und Lehrerin der Mädchen. Für Christina ırde sie in späteren Jahren die treueste Freundin, all ihre Werke ıd ihr gewidmet, der Lebenden oder dem Andenken der Ver-ɔrbenen, und mehr als ein Gedicht bringt ihre innige Kindesliebe m Ausdruck. Aus dem Jahre 1881, also kurz vor dem Tode r Mutter, stammt das Dedicatory Sonnet[1]): sie will den Ge-ɔhten, die so viel von der Liebe zu erzählen wissen, noch eins ızufügen:

One sonnet more, a loves onnet, from me
To her whose heart is my heart's quiet home,
To my first Love, my Mother, on whose knee
I learnt love-lore that is not troublesome;
Whose service is my special dignity,
And she my lodestar while I go and come.

Ihr erstes, von ihrem Grossvater Polidori gedrucktes Gedicht ır: To my Mother[2]) zum Geburtstage der letzteren am 27. April 42, und im Jahre 1847 schenkte sie ihr zum gleichen Fest ihr stes, auch privatim gedrucktes Bändchen.[3])

Wenn auch viele Gedichte in demselben ohne besonderen ɔetischen Wert sind, interessant sind fast alle, und es ist zu be-uern, dass in den Poetical Works nicht die ganze erste Samm-ıg aufgenommen ist. Auffallend ist ihr Naturverständnis, da sie ch durch und durch ein Kind der Grossstadt war, und die Natur r etwa im Hyde Park und Kensington Garden geniessen konnte.

Benson sagt[4]): „She does not sing as a caged bird with exotic ɔmories of freedom stirred by the flashing water, the hanging oundsel of her wired prison, but with a wild voice, with visions ly limited by the rustic conventionalities of toil and tillage. The wy English woodland, the sharp silence of winter, the gloom of

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ligion ihr ganzes Sein und Denken aus. Im Jahre 1872 wurde ihr lang ge-ɣter Wunsch erfüllt, und sie trat in die Anglican Sisterhood of All Saints ein. starb schon 1876; Christina betrachtete sie als eine Heilige, und vermisste sie merzlich.

1) The Poetical Works. p. LXXIII.

2) To my Mother on the Anniversary of her birth. Privately printed. ndon 1842.

3) Verses. Dedicated to her Mother. Privately printed. London 1847.

4) Arth. Christ. Benson: Christina Rossetti. The National Review vol. XIV. 1895. p. 753.

low hung clouds and the sigh of weeping rain are her background and it is strange that one of Italian blood should manifest no alie longings for warm and sun-dried lands." Sie hatte die englisch Landschaft lieben gelernt, als sie in ihren ersten Kinderjahren al jährlich die Grosseltern besuchte in Holmer Green in Buckin hamshire, etwa dreissig Meilen von London. Die ländliche Freuden waren ihr eine teure Erinnerung während ihres ganze Lebens, und öfter finden sich in ihren Werken Anspielunge darauf.[1]) Die Natur war aber keineswegs ihre vorzügliche Leh meisterin, dafür sind ihre Gedichte ein Zeugnis, und das hat s selbst gefühlt und ausgesprochen. William Sharp[2]) gibt uns ein interessante Schilderung seiner ersten Begegnung mit der Dichteri Als sie gefragt wurde, ob sie ihre besten Inspirationen nicht d Natur zu verdanken habe, gab sie zur Antwort: „Oh, dear, no! know it ought to be so, but I don't derive my inspiration, as yo call it, — though, if you will allow me to say so, I think the wor quite inopposite, and to be used of very few, and then only in a most literal and sacred sense, — I don't derive anything from the country at first hand! Why, my knowledge of what is called nature is that of the town sparrow, or at most, that of the pigeon which makes an excursion occasionally from its home in Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens. And what is more I am fairly sure that I am in the place that best suits me. After all, we may enjoy the magic and mystery of the ocean without ever adventuring upon it; and I and thousands of other Londoners, from the penniless to those who are as relatively poor as I am, are in the position of those who love the sea and understand too, in a way, its beauty and wonder, even though we reside in Whitechapel or Blooms-bury." Für sie war der Mensch alles, mehr brauchte sie nicht, und ihrem individuellen Dichterberufe folgend, nimmt sie kaum Notiz von dem Vorwurf ihres Bruders Dante Gabriel, wenn er schreibt[3]): „I wish you would try any rendering either of narrative or sentiment from real abundant Nature, which presents much more variety even in any one of its phases than all your „dreamings." Sie war nach ihrer eigenen Aussage einer Meinung mit Bacon, der be-

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1) vgl. in Time Flies p. 45 und p. 128 ff.

2) Some Reminiscences of Christ. Rossetti. The Atlantic Monthley 1895. p. 737—38.

3) D. G. Rossetti. His Family Letters. vol. I. p. 120. Brief vom 8. Nov. 1853.

hauptete: „Die Seelen der Menschen sind die Schönheit der Welt.“ [1]) Ein anderer charakteristischer Zug ihrer Poesie, ihre Melancholie, tritt auch schon deutlich hervor in der ersten Sammlung, vielleicht für unser Empfinden zu deutlich, wenn wir bedenken, dass die Verse aus der Feder eines siebzehnjährigen Mädchens stammen. „Christina Rossetti's mise-en-scène is a place of gardens, orchards, wooded dingles, with a churchyard in the distance. The scene shifts a little but the spirit never wanders far afield.“ [2]) Dieser oft düstere Pessimismus ist scharf getadelt worden als unnatürlich und ungesund, und sicher ist es auffallend, wenn sie noch vor ihrem zwanzigsten Jahre die Nichtigkeit aller Lebensfreude und den Tod besingt. [3]) Der ernste Ton in ihren Gedichten bleibt vorherrschend bis zu ihrem Lebensende. Nur hie und da schlägt sie einen ganz hellen, man kann sagen mutwilligen Ton an, z. B. „My heart is like a singing-bird“ [4]), und wenn sie selbst auch in ihren letzten Jahren sagte: „I was a melancholy girl; but now I am a very cheerful old woman,“ [5]) so ist das richtig inbezug auf ihr äusseres Verhalten, die Grundstimmung ihrer Seele aber war und blieb ernst. Ihre natürliche melancholische Veranlagung war sicher verstärkt durch ihre Kränklichkeit. Von ihrem fünfzehnten Jahre bis 1861 und dann von 1867 bis 1870 war ihr Gesundheitszustand derart, dass man ihre Genesung für ausgeschlossen hielt. Die Gedichte aus der Zeit geben uns Zeugnis, wie das heftigste Verlangen nach Leben mit der Todesfurcht rang, und oft lesen wir Bitterkeit und dumpfe Ergebung zwischen den Zeilen; so heisst es z. B. in einem Gedicht vom Jahre 1848, Lady Montrevor; P. W. 290:

I do not look for love that is a dream —
I only seek for courage to be still;
To bear my grief with an unbending will,
And when I am a-weary not to seem.

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1) W. Sharp: Some Reminiscences of Chr. Rossetti. The Atlantic Monthly 1895 p. 738.

2) A. Chr. Benson: Chr. Rossetti. The National Review vol. XXIV. 1895. p. 753.

3) vgl. z. B. Lady Montrevor, Poet. Works p. 290. — Song ibid. p. 290. — Song ibid. p. 290.

4) A Birthday. Poet. Works p. 335.

5) Kath. Tynan: Some Reminiscences of Christ. Rossetti. The Bookman, February 1895. p. 141.

oder:

„We look on death with sorrow,
And cannot flee it.
Youth passes like a lightning,
Not to return again, —
Just for a little bright'ning
The confines of a plain,
Gilding the spires, and whit'ning
The gravestones and the slain. P. W. 291.

Oder wenn sie als siebzehnjähriges Mädchen singt oder besser weint:

„For them the fount of gladness hath run dry,
And all in Nature is no pleasant thing;
For them there is no glory in the sky,
No sweetness in the breezes' murmuring:
They say, 'The peace of heaven is placed too high,
And this earth changeth and is perishing.' P. W. 287.

Das ist nicht poetische Anempfindung, sondern Ausdruck ihres Seelenlebens, wie wir heute deutlicher sehen können als ihre Zeitgenossen. So lange sie lebte, ist nichts von ihren Erfahrungen an die Oeffentlichkeit gedrungen, sie selbst war zurückhaltend, ja verschlossen in allen Angelegenheiten, die ihr inneres Leben bewegten, und es war selbstverständlich, dass ihre Angehörigen und Freunde nicht unberufen eindrangen in ihre Geheimnisse, geschweige denn sie der Oeffentlichkeit preisgaben.[1]) Nach ihrem Tode lag dagegen kein Grund mehr vor, ihre herben Erfahrungen denen vorzuenthalten, die darnach trachten, ihr Denken und Dichten zu verstehen; was wir davon wissen, verdanken wir dem Berichte ihres Bruders William Michael.[2])

Im Jahre 1848 wurde die Preraphaelite Brotherhood gegründet, zu deren eifrigsten Mitgliedern die beiden Brüder Rossetti

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1) „It may be added that Christina was extremely reticent in all matters in which her affections were deeply engaged. Of these two cases I knew a good deal directly, and could indirectly judge of much more; but it would have been both indelicate and futile to press her with inquiries, and of several details in the second case — though important to a close understanding of it — I never was cognizant." — So ihr Bruder W. M. Rossetti in seinem Memoir zu ihren Gedichten p. LIII. Er spricht von den beiden bitteren Enttäuschungen ihres jungen Lebens.

2) Poetical Works. Memoir.

ten, und wenn Christina auch nicht als Mitglied eingeschrieben sie gehörte doch „mit dazu", das zeigen deutlich die Gedichte ersten Periode und ihre ganze Entwickelung. Man kann ınd Gosse nur beistimmen, wenn er meint [1]): „It is with these that Miss Rossetti takes her historical position, and their r and ambition had a various influence upon her style. On ide there can be no doubt that association with men so learned ager, daring in experiment, so well equipped in scholarship her an instant and positive advantage. By nature she would to be of a cloistered and sequestered temper, and her genius ifted on this wave of friendship to heights which she would ave dreamed of attempting alone." [2]) Die Maler und Dichter

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1) Critical Kit-Kats. p. 147.

2) Dass sie zu den Präraphaeliten gehörte, zeigt in auffallender Weise ein t aus dieser Periode: Divine and Human Pleading, gedruckt in den Versen 147. — W. M. Rossetti hat es nur verkürzt aufgenommen in die Poetical . Wir geben hier einen Teil des Gedichtes, die Schilderung der Erscheiıaria Magdalenas. Sie mutet uns an wie ein Präraphaelitisches Gemälde:

A woman stood beside his bed:
Her breath was fragrance all,
Round her the light was very bright,
The air was musical.

Her footsteps shone upon the stars,
Her robe was spotless white;
Her breast was radiant with the cross
Her head was living light.

Her eyes beamed with a sacred fire,
And on her shoulders fair
From underneath her golden crown
Clustered her golden hair.

Yet on her bosom her white hands
Were folded quietly;
Yet was her glorious head bowed low
In deep humility.

Long time she looked upon the ground;
Then raising her bright eyes,
Her voice came forth as sweet and soft
As music when it dies.

Mrs. Tooley nannte sie in einem Artikel in „The Young Woman" die n der Preraphaeliten. W. M. Rossetti protestiert dagegen in „D. G. Rosİis Family-Letters. vol. I: „I will take this opportunity of saying that the ent, which has been constantly repeated in recent months, that Christina

der Gesellschaft verehrten ihre Liebenswürdigkeit, ihren ungewöhnlichen Geist und ihre Schönheit. Ihre liebliche Gestalt und ihr anziehendes Gesicht mit der bedeutenden, hohen Stirne und den tiefen, träumerischen Augen ist uns oft überliefert von den Malern, z. B. von Madox Brown, Millais und vor allem von Dante Gabriel. [1]) Sie versuchte selbst Feder und Pinsel mit gutem Erfolg, und steuerte bei zu dem kurzlebigen Organ der jungen Künstlerschaft: „The Germ". Dass ihre junge, nach Schönheit durstige Seele Freude fand an dem anregenden Verkehr mit gleichgesinnten und congenialen Menschen, ist wohl selbstverständlich, und wenn sie hier ihre erste bittere Enttäuschung erfuhr, so musste der Schlag sie tief treffen. Seit 1848 zählte der junge Maler James Collinson zu den Mitgliedern des Vereins. Er lernte Christina kennen und lieben, aber die Religion — Collinson war kurz vorher zur römisch-katholischen Kirche übergetreten — bildete für Christina ein unüberwindliches Hindernis. Collinson kehrte infolgedessen zur anglikanischen Kirche zurück, und die Verlobung der beiden eröffnete für Christina die glücklichsten Wochen ihres Lebens. Noch im Anfang des Jahres 1848 hatte sie in Sehnsucht gerufen:

I thirst for love, love is mine only need,
Love such as none hath born me nor can bear,
True love that prompteth thought and word and deed.
P. W. 114.

Allein der Erfüllung ihrer Sehnsucht folgte eine herbe Enttäuschung. James Collinson hielt es für seine Pflicht, zur katholischen Kirche zurückzukehren, und mit dem Schritt war das Verhältnis gelöst. „Frangas non flectas", lautete der Wahlspruch der Rossetti, und Christina war ein echtes Kind ihrer Familie. W. M. Rossetti schreibt: „I will not harshly condemn James Collinson for these successive tergivergations: he was a right-meaning man, of timorous conscience. But he had none the less struck a staggering blow at Christina Rossetti's peace of mind on

went among us by the name of »the Queen of the Preraphaelites« is to the best of my knowledge and remembrance, a mere invention . . . . . I knew nothing of such an appellative; Christina, to whom I mentioned it, knew nothing also . . .

1) „Sein Madonnenideal aber fand der Künstler in seiner Schwester Christina verkörpert. Sie vereinte eine wahrhaft tiefe Religiösität mit poetischer Begabung, eine sanfte Melancholie überschattete ihr ernstes Gemüt und mit weltabgewandtem Ausdruck erscheint sie auf den Zeichnungen ihres Bruders, von denen die schönste aus dem Jahre 1866 stammt." W. Waldschmidt: Dante Gabriel Rossetti, der Maler und Dichter. p. 56.

the very threshold of womanly life, and a blow from which she did not fully recover for years." [1])

Christina rang nach Frieden:

I do not look for love that is a dream
I only seek for courage to be still;
To bear my grief with an unbending will.
P. W. 290.

Aber bei all ihrer Tapferkeit im Leiden, flammt doch zuweilen die Leidenschaft auf, und in solchen Momenten dichtet sie dann die glühenden Verse:

„Come to me in the silence of the night. P. W. 314

oder:

All love, are loved, save only I; their hearts
Beat warm with love and joy, beat full thereof:
They cannot guess, who play the pleasant parts,
My heart is breaking for a little love. P. W. 344.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart;
My silent heart lie still and break:
Life and the world and mine own self are changed
For a dream's sake." P. W. 350.

Noch ein zweites mal musste sie einen ähnlichen Kampf durchkämpfen. Im Jahre 1860 wurde Charles Bagot Cayley bei ihr eingeführt, ein bedeutender Gelehrter, der auch lebhaftes Interesse für die italienische Sprache hatte. Er war von ebenso grosser Liebenswürdigkeit im Verkehr, als er die Zurückgezogenheit liebte; W. M. Rosetti nennt ihn „unworldly". Wieder war die Religion das Hindernis ihrer Vereinigung. Cayley stand dem Christentum nicht feindlich gegenüber, aber er persönlich hatte keine Beziehung zu ihm, und Christina lehnte seine Werbung entschieden ab. „. . . . she had made up her mind on grounds which she recognized as higher than any considerations of either feeling or expediency, and she remained immovable. Years passed; she became an elderly and an old woman, and she loved the scholarly recluse to the last day of his life, 5. December 1883, and, to the last day of her own, his memory." [2]) Wie schwer das heroische Opfer ihres Lebensglückes ihr geworden ist, können wir wieder

1) Memoir p. LII.
2) Memoir p. LIII.

nur ahnen, aber ihr herrlicher Sonnet-Cyclus „Monna Innominata" zeigt, wie stark sie lieben konnte, und um welch hohen Preis sie ihre Entsagung erkaufte. Wie ängstlich sie war, die Geheimnisse ihres Herzens vor der Welt zu verbergen, zeigt die erklärende Einleitung zu den Gedichten: sie meint, wenn zur Zeit der Laura und Beatrice eine Frau ihre Liebe, die nie zur Vollendung führen konnte, weil Religion und Sitte ein Hindernis bildeten, besungen hätte, so würde sie es vielleicht in solchen Gedichten getan haben. „Had such a lady spoken for herself, the portrait left us might have appeared more tender, if less dignified, than any drawn even by a devoted friend. Or had the great poetess of our own day and nation only been unhappy instead of happy, her circumstances would have invited her to bequeath to us, in lieu of the »Portuguese Sonnets«, an inimitable »donna innominata« drawn not from fancy but from feeling, and worthy to occupy a niche beside Beatrice and Laura." [1])

Ebenbürtig stellt sich Monna Innominata den Sonnets from the Portuguese der Elizabeth Barret Browning an die Seite, in der Form ist sie ihnen überlegen. In unvergleichlicher Weise haben uns Englands zwei grösste Dichterinnen das Glück und das Weh der starken Liebe eines Frauenherzens geschildert, und als ob sie sich als Nordländerinnen schämten, dass sie so glühende Farben finden, machen beide den Süden verantwortlich für ihre Worte. Es ist wahr, in keinem grösseren Gedicht offenbart Christina Rossetti mehr ihr italienisches Blut als in diesem »Sonnet«. Mehr als jedes andere Gedicht zeigt uns Monna Innominata, dass das Leid der Liebe Christina Rossetti zur grossen Dichterin gemacht hat. Benson schreibt [2]): „Miss Rossetti's poems are so passionately human a document as to set one tracing by a sort of inevitable instinct the secrets of a buoyant and tender soul, sharpened and refined by blow after blow of harsh discipline .... Step by step it reveals itself, the sad and stately development of this august soul. The first tremulous outlook upon the intolerable loveliness of life, the fantastic melancholy of youth, the deep desire of love, the drawing nearer of the veiled star, disappointment, disillusion, the overpowering rush of the melancholy that has waited, like a beast in ambush for moments of lassitude and recreation."

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1) Poet. Works. p. 58.
2) Chr. Rossetti. The Nat. Rev. 1895. p. 756.

Die tiefe Traurigkeit, die ein charakteristisches Merkmal ihrer Poesie ist, unterscheidet sich jedoch von der hoffnungslosen Melancholie eines vollkommenen Pessimismus. Freilich leidet auch sie an Weltschmerz, und wohl kaum hat jemand die Leerheit und Grausamkeit der Welt ergreifender gesungen, aber ihr Schmerz ist ein erlöster, sie hat Ersatz gefunden für alles, was sie erwartete und nicht erhielt, in der Religion.[1])

In Monna Innominata selbst, diesem leidenschaftlichen Klagelied hoffnungsloser Liebe, löst sie uns das Rätsel ihres Starkmutes:

> Still I find comfort in his Book who saith,
> Though jealousy be cruel as the grave,
> And death be strong, yet love is strong as death.
>
> P. W. 61.

Und die Bibel war ihr nicht blos ein vorübergehender Trost, sie wurde ihre Welt, aus der sie ihr starkes Leben schöpfte. So kam es denn ganz von selbst, dass ihre Werke durchdrungen sind von biblischem Einfluss, ja, dass ihre Sprache selbst eine biblische wurde. Mehr oder weniger ist jeder grosse englische Dichter von dem unvergleichlich reinen und schönen Englisch der Bibelübersetzung des 17. Jahrhunderts beeinflusst, man braucht nur an Milton, Byron, Tennyson, ja selbst Swinburne zu erinnern, aber bei keinem ist der Einfluss so stark, so charakteristisch, wie bei Christina Rossetti.

Es wäre ein Leichtes, jene Gedichte herauszuheben, in denen kein biblischer Einfluss zu bemerken ist, es ist eine verschwindend kleine Anzahl. Dabei ist von sklavischer Nachahmung oder von unkünstlerischer Abhängigkeit nicht die Rede; ja, man kann sagen, je enger sie sich anlehnt an den biblischen Text, um so origineller ist sie. „Miss Rossetti, a solitary student of the Bible, finds a starting-point for poems in the suggestion of this or that Bible text. It is herself, really, that she puts into these poems, her deepest self, and to give adequate expression to that, to the real self, is the utmost that we can ask or get from any poet.“ [2])

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1) „Miss Rossetti's temperament was profoundly religious, and she found much congenial occupation in church work and the composition of devotional manuals, and works of religious edification. As an ardent Italian patriot she could not well become a Roman Catholic, but her devotion assumed a High Aanglican character.“ R. Garnett: Rossetti, Christina Dict. of N. B. vol. 49, p. 283.

2) The Athenaeum, December 1893.

Mackenzie Bell, ein jahrelanger Freund der Familie Rossetti, der somit Gelegenheit hatte, die Dichterin in ihrer Eigenart zu beobachten, sagt von ihr: „Her work with all its noble — its unsurpassed qualities, with all its faults too, was her own. It was original, it was unborrowed. She was too great a writer even to be »bookish«. Her impulse to write was spontaneous, it came from the deeps of her own soul, it was not derived even in the most perfectly justifiable and noblest sense from the achievements of others." [1])

Man kann nicht sagen, dass Christina in ihrem Elternhause eine durch und durch religiöse Atmosphäre eingeatmet hätte, ihr Vater, Gabriele Rossetti, als Italiener natürlich Katholik, war Freidenker in religiöser Hinsicht, und ihm folgten seine Söhne, obgleich man von Dante Gabriel sagen kann, dass er im Grunde eine tief religiös veranlagte Natur war. [2]) Ihre Mutter war eine eifrige und fromme Anhängerin der englischen Kirche, und ihrer Erziehung und ihrem Beispiel verdanken die Töchter zum grossen Teil ihre Frömmigkeit. [3]) Christina hat das in Dankbarkeit anerkannt; die Widmung zu »Letter and Spirit: Notes on the Commandments« lautet: To My Mother in thankfulness for her dear and honoured example, und mit Beziehung darauf schreibt sie an Mr. Shields am 23. August 1863: „Thank for your welcoming »Letter and Spirit« — my mother's life is a far more forcible comment on the

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1) Christina Rossetti. A Biographical and Critical Study. p. 144.

2) Watts-Dunton schreibt im Athenaeum, 15. Febr. 1896 über Christinas Verhältnis zu ihrem Bruder D. Gabriel: „It was the beauty of her life that made her personal influence so great, and upon no one was that influence exercised with more strength than upon her illustrious brother Gabriel, who in many ways was so much unlike her. In spite of his deep religious instinct and his intense sympathy with mysticism, Gabriel remained what is called a freethinker in the true meaning of that much abused phrase. In religion as in politics he thought for himself, and yet when Mr. W. M. Rossetti affirms that the poet was never drawn towards freethinking women, he says what is perfectly true. And this arose from the extraordinary influence, scarcely recognised by himself, that the beauty of Christina's life and her religious system had upon him."

3) Wir lesen in W. M. Rossettis Memoir: „I have often thought that Christina's proper place was in the Roman Catholic Church, yet I never traced any inclination in her to join it, nor did she ever manifest any wish to enter upon the conventual life — I think she held herself unworthy of attempting it. Her satisfaction in remaining a member of the English Church may have been due partly to her deep affection for her mother, who, though gradually conforming to the external practices of the High Church section, was far indeed for wishing to Romanize." p. LV.

mmandments than are words of mine."[1]) Sie war es, die den ndern zuerst aus der Bibel vorlas und erklärte, und bis zum de der Mutter wurde täglich gemeinschaftlich ein Abschnitt lesen, welche Gewohnheit Christina auch später beibehielt. ›rgens und abends rief sie ihre Hausgenossen zusammen und ihnen aus der Bibel vor, und als sie im letzten Jahre zu schwach ırde um diese Pflicht persönlich zu erfüllen, übertrug sie dieselbe ·s. Read, ihrer langjährigen Gesellschafterin und Pflegerin.[2])

Wie ihr Bruder von ihr sagt, waren Religion und Güte die ei treibenden Kräfte ihres Lebens; die Güte, die alle, die sie nnen lernten, so sehr an ihr rühmten, war aber nichts anderes, die im Werke sich offenbarende Religion. „Cheerfulness I con- er a fundamental and essential Christian virtue," das sind ihre ;enen Worte.[3]) Wie sie glaubte, so lebte sie auch; in enthu- stischen Worten schreibt Watts-Dunton: „She is unique, indeed. ɜn of science tell us that among all the fossilized plants we find ne of the lovely family of the rose, and in the same way we ›uld search in vain through the entire human record for anything beautiful as that kind of Christian lady to whom self-abnegation not only the first of duties, but the first of joys."[4]) So lautet s Zeugnis aller, die sie gekannt haben; von immer gleich bleiben- r Güte und Freundlichkeit, gehörte sie in der Tat zu den lie- nswürdigen Heiligen.[5])

Bei aller Strenge gegen sich selbst in religiöser Hinsicht, ır sie doch von grösster Duldsamkeit gegen andere. „To myself is the beloved Anglican Church of my Baptism: a living branch that holy Catholic Apostolic Church which is authoritatively mmended and endeared to every Christian by the Word of God."[6]) ber sie war zu edel um engherzig zu sein. Es war in ihren ıgen nicht ihr Beruf, nicht die Aufgabe der Frau, die Welt rch Verstand und Wort zu bekehren, sondern Liebe zu spenden,

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1) Mack. Bell: Christ. Rossetti p. 298.
2) ibid. p. 164.
3) ibid. p. 153.
4) The Athenaeum, 15. Febr. 1896.
5) Der schon erwähnte Watts Dunton erzählt uns, wie er sich vor seiner ɛanntschaft mit Christina gefürchtet habe vor ihr, wegen ihres Rufes grosser ›mmigkeit. Nachdem er sie aber einmal gesehen und gesprochen, lautet sein eil Dante Gabriel gegenüber: „She is a saint, but a pleasant one." — Reminis- ces of Chr. Rossetti, The Nineteenth Century. Febr. 1895.
6) The Face of the Deep.

selbstlose Liebe, gelernt am Fusse des Kreuzes. Sie sah und bewunderte das Gute und Edle, wo sie es nur fand: „Cannot we — I at least can learn much from the devotion of Catholic Rome, the immutability of Catholic Greece, the philanthropic piety of Quakerism, the zeal of many a Protestant.“ [1])

Wenn man von Christina Rossettis Religion spricht, so darf etwas nicht vergessen werden, was eine Erklärung gibt zu vielen ihrer Gedichte, und was auf den ersten Blick in Erstaunen setzt bei der Grösse und Klarheit ihrer Seele, das ist ihre oft verwirrte Aengstlichkeit in bezug auf die Erfüllung ihrer Pflichten. Ihr Gewissen war ein überzartes, wenn es sich um ihre eigene Person handelte, und wenn sie auch nie zu Misstrauen auf Gott kam, so war das Selbstvertrauen doch oft so gering, dass sie qualvolle Stunden und Tage erduldete. Solchen dunklen Stunden verdanken wir jedoch manche ihrer besten Gedichte. Wir könnten sie in dieser Hinsicht vergleichen mit unserer grössten deutschen Dichterin Annette, deren religiösen Kämpfen wir zum Teil ihr grossartiges und inniges Werk „Das geistliche Jahr“ zu verdanken haben. [2]) Indessen nach einer Richtung hin hat die Aengstlichkeit

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1) The Face of the Deep.

2) Von Glaubenszweifeln ist bei Chr. Rossetti allerdings keine Rede. „There is nothing to show that the writer is a contemporary of Clough and M. Arnold — or suffered from like doubts and yearnings. If there is want of faith anywhere, it is in human, not in Divine power.“ So Coleridge, Christabel R.: The Poetry of Christina Rossetti. The Monthly Packet. March 1895. Dass letzteres wahr ist, und dass Christina Rossetti die Ängstlichkeit als etwas Unvollkommenes empfand, zeigt das Gedicht:

„O foolish soul to make thy count
For languid falls and much forgiven,
When like a flame thou mightest mount
To storm and carry heaven.
A life so faint, — is this to live?
A goal so mean, is this a goal?
Christ love thee, remedy, forgive,
Save thee, o foolish soul.“

Wie sie Ängstlichkeit im allgemeinen und auch ihre eigene beurteilte, lesen wir in Time Flies p. 3: „The main pity is that they do not amend themselves. Next to this, it is a pity when they gratuitously attempt what under the circumstances they cannot perform. Listen to an anecdote or even to a reminiscence from their lips, and you are liable to hear an exercise on possible contingencies: a witticism hangs fire, a heroic example is dwarfed by modifying suggestions. Eloquence stammers in their mouth, the thread even of logic is snapped. Their aim is to be accurate; a worthy aim: but do they achieve accuracy? Such handling as blunts the pointed and flattens the lofty cannot boast of accuracy. These remarks have, I avow, a direct bearing on my own case. I am desirous to quote

nengend gewirkt für ihre Werke. Ein übertriebenes Gefühl der erantwortlichkeit für alles, was sie der Oeffentlichkeit preisgab, inderte sie zuweilen, ihren Gedanken und Worten freien Lauf zu ssen aus Furcht, Ärgernis zu geben. W. M. Rossetti sagt uns, ass dieses auch die Ursache gewesen sei, dass sie zuletzt nur ch geistliche Gedichte geschrieben, ihren Geist verschlossen abe vor jedem irgendwie weltlichen Einfluss und sich ganz der ibel überlassen habe; so müsse der Kreis ihrer Verehrer eschränkt bleiben, für die grosse Masse der Leser biete sie nichts ler doch fast garnichts. „The influence of her works became tense for devout minds of a certain type, and for lovers of poetry its pure essence." [1])

Andererseits ist es gerade dieser freiwilligen Selbstbeschränng zu verdanken, dass sie die grösste religiöse Dichterin Engnds geworden ist. Sie überragt nicht nur ihre Zeitgenossen, z. B. nen Newman, Keble, auch aus den früheren Jahrhunderten ist in Dichter, der sie übertrifft an Tiefe und Mannigfaltigkeit. In iner Rede bei der Einweihung ihres Denkmals in Christ Church hrte der Bischof von Durham, Rt. Rev. Westcott, aus, der Dichter haue das Ewige, Unendliche, und wer reinen Herzens sei, schaue tt selbst. Und er meint, gerade einer Dichterin, wenn sie rein i, wenn sie ihrer Natur treu bliebe, sei die wunderbare Gabe verhen, und „in Miss Rossetti we recognize the completest conseation of woman's gifts of poetry to the highest uses." [2]) Und ähnh äussert sich die London Quarterly Review, Oct. 1896: „Unique their living colour, their warm human quality, their masculine rength and simplicity; breathing the very soul of exalted impasnate devotion; these poems are worthy of a place no less high an that occupied by the De Imitatione Christi in devotional liteture, since they too set forth with surprising power the varying

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re or there an illustrative story or a personal reminiscence: am I competent to so? I may have misunderstood, I may never have understood, I may have gotten, in some instances I cannot recall every detail.

Yet my story would point and clench my little essay.

So here once for all I beg my readers to accept such illustrations as no re than I give them for; true or false, accurate or inaccurate, as the case may One perhaps embellished if I have the wit to embellish it, another marred my clumsiness.

All alike written down in the humble wish to help others by such means myself have found helpful.

1) Memoir p. LX. VIII.

2) An Appreciation of the late Chr. Rossetti. p. 14.

incidents in the life of the soul that follows hard after Christ, and looks longingly for the coming of His Kingdom. That life had broadened and deepened wonderfully since that time when, midway in her pilgrimage, the singer disciplines herself against weariness of her own „easy life" and dread of her own „easy coming death" by dwelling on the Life and Death of the Divine Sufferer as in the pathetic verses „None with Him" . . . . ."

Christina Rossettis ganze Veranlagung wies sie auf Gelegenheitsdichtung im höchsten Sinne des Wortes hin. Sie dichtete spontan, wenn sie den inneren Drang verspürte, wenn die Verse sich ihrem Geiste von selbst fügten. Und waren ihre Werke einmal vollendet, so hat sie selten daran viel herumgefeilt, wenn sie auch hie und da dankbar einen Wink ihres kritischen Bruders Dante Gabriel annahm und befolgte.[1]) Sie beherrschte eben ihren Stoff und war Meisterin in der Form. Dichten war ihre Ruhe und ihre Freude. Sie schreibt selbst an Mr. Horder unter dem 20. Mai 1885: „Be sure that no one of my readers would be more genuiney pleased than myself if I could always write poems! But just because poetry is a gift, I scarcely dare to follow your allusion to prophets in company with poets — I am not surprised to find myself unable to summon it at will and use it according to my own choice."[2])

Ueber die Art ihres Arbeitens schreibt W. M. Rossetti interessant in dem Vorwort zu New Poems by Christina Rossetti. Hitherto Unpublished or Uncollected. London 1896: „Christina's habits of composition were eminently of the spontaneous kind. I question her having ever once deliberated with herself whether or not she would write something or other, and then, after thinking out a subject, having proceeded to treat it in regular spells of work. Instead of this something impelled her feeling or „came into her head," and her hand obeyed her dictation. I suppose she scribbled the lines off rapidly enough, and afterwards took whatever amount of pains she deemed requisite for keeping them right in form and expression — for she was quite conscious that a poem demands to be good in execution as well as genuine in impulse; but (strange as it seems to say so of a sister who, up to the year 1876, was almost constantly in the same house with me) I cannot remember ever seeing her in the act of composing. (I take

1) Vgl, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. His Family Letters, vol. I. Briefe vom 23. März 1870, (Scalands, Robertsbridge) vom 3. December 1875 (Bognor) und vom 8. October 1879.

2) Mack. Bell: Chr. Rossetti p. 88.

no count of her bouts rimés sonnets of 1848) she consulted nobody and solicited no advise; though it is true that with regard to her published volumes — or at any rate the first two of them — my brother volunteered to point out what seemed well adapted for insertion, and what the reverse, and he found her a very willing recipient of his monitions."[1])

Die Werke Christina Rossettis umfassen folgende Veröffentlichungen:

„To my Mother on the Anniversary of her Birth." Privately printed. London 1842.

„Verses. Dedicated to her Mother." Privately printed. 1847.

„Goblin Market and other Poems." 1862.

„The Prince's Progress and other Poems." 1866.

„Sing-Song." 1872.

„ A Pageant and other Poems." 1881.

„Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress and other Poems." 1875.

Dies ist eine Zusammenstellung der früheren Bände mit einigen neuen Gedichten.

„Verses." 1893.

Die Gedichte in diesem Band sind gesammelt aus ihren Prosawerken.

„New Poems." 1896. Sie sind herausgegeben aus ihrem Nachlass von ihrem Bruder W. M. Rossetti. Letzterer edierte im Jahre 1904 ihre gesamten poetischen Werke unter dem Titel: The Poetical Works of Christina Georgina Rossetti. With Memoir and Notes. Dieser Band enthält mit wenigen Ausnahmen ihre sämtlichen Gedichte.

Ihre Prosawerke sind folgende:

„Commonplace and other Short Stories." 1870.

Dieser erste Versuch wurde im ganzen milde von Dante Gabriel beurteilt in einem Brief vom 23. März 1870.[2]) Aber in einem Postscriptum fügt er doch hinzu: „Of course I think your proper business is to write poetry, and not Commonplaces."

„Annus Domini, a Prayer for each Day of the Year." 1874.

„Speaking Likenesses". 1874.

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1) Dante Gabriel Rossetti. His Family Letters. vol. I.
2) ibid.

„Seek and Find.“ 1879.

„Called to be Saints.“ 1881.

„Letter and Spirit.“ 1883.

„Time Flies.“ 1885.

„The Face of the Deep, a Devotional Commentary on the Apocalypse.“ 1892.

„Maude.“ 1897.

Das zuletzt — nach ihrem Tode — veröffentlichte ist zugleich das erste Prosawerk, das sie geschrieben, und wenn es auch geringen künstlerischen Wert hat, so ist es doch schon darum interessant, weil es augenscheinlich eine Art Selbstbiographie ist. Letzteres mag ein Hauptgrund gewesen sein, warum die Dichterin es nicht selbst veröffentlichte, wie es jetzt wohl der einzige Grund ist, weshalb die kleine didaktische Erzählung der Oeffentlichkeit übergeben wurde.

II.

Die religiöse Dichtung Christina Rossettis in ihrem inneren Verhältnis zur Bibel.

Schon im ersten Abschnitt ist hervorgehoben worden, dass die Dichtung Christina Rossettis eine unmittelbare Offenbarung ihres eigenen Seelenlebens ist. Dies gilt insbesondere von ihrer religiösen Lyrik. Das Verhältnis ihrer geistlichen Poesie zur Bibel ist nicht ein literarisches Quellenverhältnis, und es wäre gänzlich zweck- und ergebnislos, es nach dem Schema einer Quellenuntersuchung darstellen zu wollen; der Weg, auf dem biblische Motive und Wendungen ihre Poesie durchdrangen, führte nicht vom Buche zum Buch, sondern ging durch ihren lebenden Glauben, der aus der hl. Schrift seine Nahrung zog und sich in persönlich empfundener, individueller Lyrik äusserte.[1])

Ungleich etwa den biblischen Gedichten in den Hebrew Melodies Byron's, die nur einem literarischen Impulse entsprangen, sind Christina Rossettis Behandlungen biblischer Stoffe in erster Linie Ausdruck ihres Glaubens und religiösen Empfindens. Man kann höchstens eine Scheidung nach persönlichem Stimmungsausdruck und nach Dichtungen, die sich der Gemeindefeier des Kirchenjahres anschliessen, mit einiger Berechtigung durchführen.

Von diesem Gesichtspunkte aus empfiehlt es sich, Christinas Dichtungen zunächst nach den Leitmotiven ihres biblischen Ideengehaltes zu betrachten und dabei nachzuweisen, in welchem Masse ihre Inspiration von der Vorstellungswelt und dem poetischen Ausdrucke der Bibel durchdrungen ist. Nur die charakteristischesten Züge können hier besprochen werden; ein Zerfasern jeder Wen-

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1) Watts-Dunton schreibt im Athenaeum Febr. 15. 1896: „No one felt so deeply as she that poetic art is only at the best the imperfect body in which dwells the poetic soul. No one felt so deeply as she that . . . to write beautifully is in a deep and true sense to live beautifully."

dung bis in das Kleinste würde kaum mehr literarischen Erkenntniswert haben und gehörte eher in eine stilistische Concordanz.

Als die leitenden Ideen, um die sich die unzähligen Variationen ihrer Poesie gruppieren, lassen sich etwa aufstellen: Das Vanitas-Motiv. — Das Gefühl des Leidens und der eigenen Unvollkommenheit. — Die Liebe zu Gott und den Menschen. — Furcht und Hoffnung. — Ausblick auf die Verklärung.

Den ernsten Grundton, der die ganze Poesie Christinas durchzieht, bildet das Gefühl für die

„Vanitas Mundi".

Man hat häufig an ihr getadelt, dass sie das Leben zu düster auffasst, allein das entsprach ihrer Ueberzeugung von der Gefährlichkeit der lachenden „Weltfreude", vgl. die Gedichte Amor Mundi, The World, From House to Home u. a. Ihre Weltflucht ist jedoch eine durchaus biblische,[1]) kein düsterer Welthass. Sie weiss, dass sie die Welt auch lieben darf. „How little must I love the world? How much may I love it? — Love it to the fullness of thy heart's desire, so thou love it with self-sacrifice; for thus to love it is after the mind of God, the Pattern of Christ: „God so loved the world, that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved (St. John 3, 16, 17)."[2]) Vanitas Vanitatum ist der immer wiederholte Gedanke; das Geständnis des Predigers hat auf sie einen tiefen Eindruck gemacht, denn seine Gedanken und selbst seine Worte kehren immer wieder:

Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity. Eccl. I. 2.
I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and

„Vanity of vanities he preached.
Of all he found of all he sought:
Vanity of vanities the gist
Of all the words he taught."
P. W. 19.

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1) In der Ausgabe ihrer Werke bemerkt W. M. Rossetti zu dem Gedicht „The World": „This is one of Christina Rossetti's most energetic utterances, and a highly characteristic one. She had in fact a great horror of ‚the world' in the sense which that term bears in the New Testament; its power to blur all the great traits of character, to deaden all lofty aims, to clog all the impulses of the soul aspiring to unseen Truth. I recollect her once saying to me with marked emphasis, when my children were past their very earliest years, ‚I hope, they are not worldly' p. 471.

1) The Face of the Deep. 332.

behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Eccl. I. 14.

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Eccl. I. 7.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Eccl. I. 9.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity. Eccl. II. 1.

„As the sea is not filled, so yearns
Man's universal mind,
Beneath the sun there's nothing new:
Men flow, men ebb, mankind flows on." P. W. 19.

„He who wore out pleasure and mastered all lore,
Salomon wrote 'vanity of vanities':
Down to death of all that went before
In his mighty long life, the record is this.
Yea vanity of vanities he saith of pleasure,
And of all he learned set his seal to this." P. W. 249.

Die ganze Weltanschauung des Ecclesiastes ist wiedergegeben in den beiden Gedichten One Certainty und A Testimony. Beide stammen aus dem Jahre 1849 und sind darum zugleich ein interessantes Zeugnis, wie Christina Rossetti schon in ihren Mädchenjahren durchdrungen war vom Geist der Bibel.

One Certainty. P. W. 119.

Vanity of vanities saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Eccl. I. 2.

All things are full of labour, man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. Eccl. I. 8.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that

Vanity of vanities the Preacher saith.
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Cannot be filled with what they hear
Like early dew or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,

which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Eccl. I. 9.

Is man tossed to and fro by hope and fear:
So little joy has he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of death.
To day is still the same as yesterday,
To-morrow also even as one of them;
And there is nothing new under the sun:
Until the ancient race of time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold and twilight grey.

Noch ausführlicher ist das Gedicht A Testimony; es ist nicht nur eine Umschreibung des Ecclesiastes, man kann sagen, es gibt überhaupt die Auffassung der Bibel über die Welt im Sinne des Evangeliums wieder:

I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it? Eccl. II. 2.

I said of laughter: it is vain
Of mirth I said: what profits it?

Then I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. Eccl. II. 11.

Therefore I found a book, and writ
Therein how ease and also pain,
How health and sickness, every one
Is vanity beneath the sun.

For who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow? Eccl. VI. 12. — The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually,

Man walks in a vain shadow; he
Disquieteth himself in vain.
The things that were shall be again;
The rivers do not fill the sea,
But turn back to their secret source;
The winds too turn upon their course.

and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. Eccl. I. 6. — All rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. Eccl. I. 7. — The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be .... Eccl. I. 9.

.... provide yourselves ... a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. St. Luke 12, 33. — But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? St. Luke 12, 20.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand; And the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell: and great was the fall of it. St. Matthew 7. 26, 27.

have said to corruption: Thou art my father; to the worm: Thou art my mother, and my sister. Job 17, 14. — They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust. Job 17, 16.

Our treasures moth and rust corrupt,
Or thieves break through and steal or they
Make themselves wings and fly away.
One man made merry as he supped,
Nor guessed how when that night grew dim
His soul would be required of him.
We build our houses on the sand
Comely withoutside and within,
But when the winds and rains begin
To beat on them, they cannot stand:
They perish, quickly overthrown,
Loose from their very basement stone.

All things are vanity, I said:
Yea vanity of vanities.
The rich man dies; and the poor dies:
The worm feeds sweetly on the dead.
Whate'er thou lackest, keep this trust:
All in the end shall have but dust:

They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them. Job 21, 26. — And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this is also vexation of spirit. Eccl. 1, 17.

The one inheritance, which best
And worst alike shall find and share:
The wicked cease from troubling there,
And there the weary be at rest;
There all the wisdom of the wise
Is vanity of vanities.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. Job 14, 2.

Man flourishes as a green leaf,
And as a leaf doth pass away;
Or as a shade that cannot stay
And leaves no track, his course is brief:
Yet man doth hope and fear and plan
Till he is dead: — oh foolish man!

. . . . the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Eccl. 1, 8. — I made me great works; I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards. Eccl. 2, 4. — Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth wether he shall be a wise man or a fool . . . Eccl. 2, 18, 19.

Our eyes cannot be satisfied
With seeing, nor our ears be filled.
With hearing: yet we plant and build
And buy and make our borders wide;
We gather wealth, we gather care,
But know not who shall be our heir.

Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour which I took under the sun. Eccl. 2, 20. — For they have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind . . . Hosea 8, 7.

Why should we hasten to arise
So early, and so late take rest?
Our labour is not good; our best
Hopes fade; our heart is stayed on lies.
Verily, we sow wind; and we
Shall reap the whirlwind, verily.

And he that gathered little had no lack. Exod. 16, 18.	He who hath little shall not lack; He who hath plenty shall decay: Our fathers went; we pass away; Our children follow on our track; So generations fail, and so They are renewed and come and go.
For what has man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he has laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity. Eccl. 2, 22, 23.	Therefore the maidens cease to sing, And the young men are very sad; Therefore the sowing is not glad And mournful is the harvesting. Of high and low, of great and small, Vanity is the lot of all.
I the Preacher was King over Israel in Jerusalem. Eccl. 1. 12.	A King dwelt in Jerusalem; He was the wisest man on earth; He had all riches from his birth, And pleasures till he tired of them; Then, having tested all things, he Witnessed that all are vanity.

In all diesen Gedichten ist nichts Gesuchtes. Die Dichterin spricht wie eine, die die Welt kennt, die die Welt geliebt hat und auch jetzt noch nicht unempfindlich ist für ihre Reize. „What is very interesting in her poetry is the union of this fixed religious faith with a hold upon physical beauty and the richer parts of Nature which allies her with her brother, and with their younger friends. She does not shrink from strong delineation of the pleasures of life even when she is denouncing them .... There is no literary hypocrisy here, no pretence that the apple of life is full of ashes; and this gives a startling beauty of artistic contrast, to the poet's studies in morality." [1])

Bei einer solchen Weltauffassung ist es leicht zu verstehen, wenn sie das Wort: I am come to send fire on the earth: and what will I, if it be already kindled? Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division, St. Luke 12, 49, 51, in seiner ganzen Bedeutung verstand, daher die Verse:

1) Ed. Gosse: Critical Kit-Kats. p. 148.

„What hast thou, what have I, to do with peace?
Not to send peace, but send a sword He came,
And fire and fasts and fearful night watches." P. W. 254.

Andere Gedichte sind voll ähnlicher Gedanken, z. B.:

. . . . thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Ps. 23, 4.	„To day His staff is turned into a rod," P. W. 25.
. . . . for thou shalt die and not live. Then he turned his face to the wall,.. 2 Kings 20, 1, 2.	„Apt to lie down and die . . . . . Faithless and hopeless turning to the wall . . . .
And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. Genesis 32, 24.	. . . . love may toil all night, But take at morning; wrestle till the break Of day, but then wield power with God and man" . . . P. W. 62.
Behold your house is left unto you desolate. St. Matthew 23, 38.	„Our house is left us desolate, Even as Thy word hath said." P. W. 151.
The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the inmost bound of the everlasting hills . . . . Genesis 49, 26.	„Look right, look left, I dwell alone, I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief No everlasting hills I see." P. W. 191.
And the Lord shall help them and deliver them: he shall deliver them, because they trust in him. Ps. 37, 40.	„My God shall fill my longings to the brim: Therefore I wait and look and long for Him." P. W. 156.
Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved. St. John 13, 23.	„I will sustain with everlasting strength, And thou, with John, shalt lie upon my breast." P. W. 153.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Ps. 126, 5.	„Now we sow love in tears, But then shall reap." P. W. 121 und 152.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. Prov. 14, 10.

„The Heart Knoweth Its Own Bitterness." P. W. 192:

But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. I. Corinth. 2, 9.

Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard
Nor heart conceived that full 'enough':
Here harvests fail, here breaks the heart:
There God shall join and no man part,
I full of Christ and Christ of me.
. . . . . .

Come unto me . . . . and I will give you rest. St. Matth. 11, 28.

Who hast said 'Come to Me and I will give thee rest',

Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, . . . St. Matth. 11, 29.

Who hast said 'Take on thee My yoke and learn of Me',

And Jesus . . . took a child, and set it by him. St. Luke 9, 47.

Who calledst a little childt o come to Thee,

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved. St. John 13, 23.

And pillowedst John on Thy breast;

And there followed him . . . . women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. St. Luke 23, 27, 28.

Who spak'st to women that followed Thee sorrowing,
Bidding them weep for themselves and weep for their own;

And Jesus said unto him, verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise. St. Luke 23, 42.

Who didst welcome the outlaw, adoring Thee alone,
And plight Thy word as a King, . . ."

Das Wort des Hauptmanns im Evangelium: and I say to Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; an my servant, Do this, and he doeth it, St. Luke 7, 8 interpre das Gedichtchen:

„Content to come, content to go
Content to wrestle or to race,
Content to know or not to know,
Each in his place;" P. W. 277.

. . . . Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done . . , . And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground.
St. Luke 22, 42.
. . for I am sick of love.
Salomon's Song 2, 5.

When darkness hid from
Thy heavens above,
And sin Thy Father's Face,
Thou didst drink
The bitter cup of death, didst thereof
For every man; while Thou nigh to sink
Beneath the intense, intole rod,
Grown sick of love; not what but think
Thy Life then ransomed mine God, my God!" P. W.

. . . . and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth. Revelation 16, 1.

„Seven vials hold Thy wrath
. . . . . .
. . . . . , . .

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: Genesis 8, 9.

Lord give us grace to tre with that dove
Which Ark-bound winged it litary way
And overpast the Deluge day." P. W.

. . . . Lord if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, come . . . and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord save, me. And immediately Jesus stretched

„Set foot upon the water, and see
If thou canst come to Me . .
. . . . . .
Save, Lord, I perish. — I hold of thee,

forth his hand, and caught him, and said to him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?
St. Matth. 14, 28—31.

I made and rule the sea,
I bring thee to the haven, where thou wouldst be." P. W. 222.

. . . . Friend go up higher . . .
St. Luke 14, 10.

„Friend, go up higher,' to one: to one,

. . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord. St. Matth. 25, 21.

'Friend, enter thou My joy', He saith:

. . . . be thou faithful unto death . . . Revelation 2, 10.

To one, 'Be faithful unto death'.

. . . . and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.
Isaiah 35, 1.

For some a wilderness doth flower,

. . . . that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.
St. Matth. 20, 9.

Or day's work in one hour is done: —

. . . . couldst thou not watch one hour? St. Mark 14, 37.

'But thou, couldst thou not watch one hour?' P. W. 123.

Die Gedichte: „O Lord, fulfil Thy Will," P. W. 140, und „Lord carry me," P. W. 221, drücken dieselben Gedanken aus. Die Worte der heiligen Schrift: II. Corinth. 12, 9 My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness, und St. Mark 9, 24: Lord, I belief; help thou mine unbelief — und St. John 13, 16: Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him, — sind in letzterem zum Ausdruck gebracht:

„Lord, why then am I weak? — Because I give
Power to the weak, and bid the dying live. —
. . . . . .
Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. —
. . . . . .
The follower is not greater than the Chief: . . . ."

. . . . . thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.
I. Samuel 17, 32 ff.

„Shout for the battle, David, never stint
Body or breath or blood, put proof in grace,
Die for the Lord as once for thee thy Lord." P. W. 141.

Das Wechselgespräch der Seele mit den drei Feinden, oder besser der ganze Kampf in seiner Steigerung ist dargestellt in dem Gedicht: The Three Enemies. P. W. 146.

The Flesh.

'Sweet, thou art pale.'
'More pale to see,
Christ hung upon the cruel tree,
And bore His Father's wrath for me.'

I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me ...
Isaiah 63, 3.

'Sweet, thou art sad.'
'Beneath a rod
More heavy Christ for my sake trod
The winepress of the wrath of God.'

'Sweet, thou art weary.'
'Not so Christ;
Whose mighty love of me sufficed
For Strength, Salvation, Eucharist.'

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came out blood and water.
St. John 19, 34.

'Sweet, thou art footsore.'
'If I bleed,
His feet have bled; yea in my need
His Heart once bled for mine indeed.'

The World.

'Sweet, thou art young.'
'So He was young
Who for my sake in silence hung
Upon the Cross with Passion wrung.'

But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.
Ps. 22, 6.

'Look, thou art fair.'
'He was more fair
Than men, Who deigned for me to wear
A visage marred beyond compare.

And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.
St. Luke 9, 58.

'And thou hast riches.'
„Daily bread:
All else is His: Who living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay His Head."

'And life is sweet.'
'It was not so
To Him, Whose Cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe.'

The Devil.

'Thou drinkest deep'.
'When Christ would sup
He drained the dregs from out my cup:
So how should I be lifted up?'

'Thou shalt win glory.'
'In the skies,
Lord Jesus, cover up mine eyes
Lest they should look on vanities.'

'Thou shalt have knowledge.'
'Helpless dust!
In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust:
Answer Thou for me, Wise and Just.'

'And Might.' —
'Get thee behind me. Lord,
Who hast redeemed and not abhorred
My soul, oh, keep it by Thy Word.'

Vergleiche dazu die Versuchung des Herrn. St. Luke 4.

Dieses Gedicht zeigt zugleich den Mittelpunkt all ihrer Gedanken und Wünsche, ihre

„Liebe zu Gott."

But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.
Genesis 19, 26.

„Would lose not Him, but you, must one be lost,
Nor with Lot's wife cast back a faithless look,

Unready to forgo what I forsook;
This say I having counted up the cost,
This, though I be the feeblest of God's hosts,

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.
St. John 10, 14.

The sorriest sheep Christ shepherds with his crook." P. W. 60.

Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
St. Matth. 11, 28.

„Are such as this the hearts Thou art fain to levy,
To do and dare for Thee, to bleed for Thee?
Ah, blessed heaviness if such they be." P. W. 126.

„That which I chose, I choose;
That which I willed, I will;
That which I once refused, I still refuse:
O hope deferred, be still.
That which I chose and choose
And will is Jesus' Will:
He has not lost his life who seems to lose:
O hope deferred, hope still."
P. W. 134.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.
St. Matth. 16, 25.

In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. St. John 7, 37.

„Come, every one that thirsteth, come,
Come, prove Me, knocking at My gate." P. W. 164.

. . . he layeth on his shoulders and rejoiced. St. Luke 15, 5.

„I bore with thee thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three-and-thirty years
. . . . . .
I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced.
Men only marked upon my shoulders borne

All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head ... Ps. 22, 7.

The branding cross; and shouted hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

. . . . . .

Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. I Peter 2, 22.

I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. St. Luke 23, 33.

A thief opon My right hand and My left;
Six hours alone athirst, in misery:

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side . . . St. John 19, 34.

At length in death one smote My heart and cleft
A hiding-place for thee." P. W. 215.

„Am I a stone, and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy Blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?
Not so those women loved
Who with exeeding grief lamented Thee;

... women which also bewailed and lamented him. St. Luke 23, 27.

And Peter went out and wept bitterly. St. Luke 22, 62.

Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;

. . . but this man hath done nothing amiss. St. Luke 23, 41.

Not so the thief was moved;" P. W. 234.

. . . a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they see me laugh me to scorn; . . . Ps. 22, 6, 7.

„My God to die: . . . . . .
. . . . . .
A curse and an astonishment, past by,

Pointed at, mocked again,
By men for whom Thy blood was shed in vain." P. W. 238.

. . for I am sick of love. Solomon's Song 2, 5.

„I am sick for Love, that dearest name for Thee." P. W. 183.

Dieses Gedicht: „Zion Said" ist eine Umschreibung und Betrachtung der Worte:

But Zion said, The lord hath forsaken me, and my lord hath forgotten me. Isaiah 49, 14.

Aehnliche Gedanken bringt das Gedicht „Thou God, seest me . . ." P. W. 219 zum Ausdruck. Vgl. ferner:

We remember the fish we did eat in Egypt freely: the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks and onions and the garlick: Numbers 11, 5.

„My heart disheartened thro' and thro',
Still hankering after Egypt full in view
Where cucumbers and melons grow." P. W. 218.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. Ps. 42, 1.

„Like as the hart the water-brooks I Thee
Desire, my hands
I stretch to Thee; O kind Lord pity me:
Lord, I have wept, wept bitterly,
I driest of dry lands. P. W. 177.

And Peter went out and wept bitterly. St. Luke 22, 62.

Für ihre Liebe zum Erlöser findet die Dichterin immer neue Wendungen, mit allen Namen, unter denen die Bibel von ihm spricht, benennt sie ihn:

I am the good shepherd. St. John 10, 11.

„Shepherd and Door, our Life and Truth and Way:" P. W. 223

I am the door, by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved . . . St. John 10, 19.

. . . I am the way, the truth, and the life. St. John 14, 6.

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they

„Clother of the lily, Feeder of the sparrow," P, W. 227.

reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them . . .
St. Matth. 6, 26.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, . . .
St. Matth. 6, 30.

Besonders geläufig sind ihr in solchen Gedichten die Worte des Hohenliedes, das sie besonders liebte[1]):

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys . . .
Solomons Song 2, 1.

„For He is Rose of Sharon nobly born
. . . . . .
And He is Lily of the Valley,"
P. W. 226.

I am the true vine . . .
St. John 15, 1.

„O Christ, the Vine with living fruit,

. . . was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manners of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: . . .
Revelation 22, 2.

The twelvefold-fruited Tree of Life,

Is there no balm in Gilead: . . .
Jerem. 8, 22.

The Balm of Gilead after strife,

I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys.
Solomon's Song 2, 1.

The Valley-lily and the Rose;

. . . his countenance is as Lebanon. Solomon's Song 5, 15.

Stronger than Lebanon Thou Root;

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1) vgl. ihre Worte:
„That Song of Songs which is Solomon's
Sinks and rises and loves and longs,
Thro' temperate zones and torrid zones
That Song of Songs.
. . . . . .
Right it sings without thought of wrongs." P. W. 134.
vgl. auch „As the Apple Tree among the trees of the wood." P. W. 226 und Solomon's Song 2, 2.

My vineyard which is mine is before me.
Solomon's Song 8, 12.

. . . . thou hast kept the good wine until now.
St. John 2, 10.

. . . when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it. St. Matth. 13, 46.

My beloved is white and ruddy. Solomon's Song 5, 10.

. . . her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; . . .
Revelation 21, 11.

This is the stone which was set at nought of your builders, which is become the head of the corner. Acts 4, 11.

. . . every several gate was one pearl. Revelation 21, 21.
I am the door: . . St. John 10, 9.

. . . and the street of the city was pure gold . . .
Revelation 21, 21.
I am the way . . . St. John 14, 6.

. . . by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved . . .
St. John 10, 9.

And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.
St. Luke 14, 27.

Sweeter than clustered gr
Thou Vine;
O best, Thou Vineyard of wine,

Keeping Thy best wine till close.

Pearl of great price Thyself al

And ruddier than the ruby T

Most precious lightening Ja stone,

Head of the corner, spu before:

Fair gate of pearl, Thyself Door;

Clear golden street, Thyself Way;

By Thee we journey to Thee now,
Through Thee shall enter he one day." P. W.

„What is it Jesus saith unto soul?
'Take up the Cross, and come follow Me'." P. W.

. . . for I am sick of love. Solomon's Song 2, 5.	'And I am sick of love in loving Thee.
	But doest Thou love me? Speak and save,
. . . jealousy is cruel as the grave. Solomon's Song 8, 6.	For jealousy is cruel as the grave.'
	. . . . .
	'Nay, if thy love is not an ampty breath,
Deep calleth unto deep . . . . Ps. 42, 7.	My love is as thine own — deep answers deep.
. . . he giveth his beloved sleep. Ps. 127, 2.	Peace, peace: I give to My beloved sleep —
. . . for love is strong as death . . . Solomon's Song 8, 6.	Not death but sleep, for love is strong as death.
	Take patience: sweet thy sleep shall be:
. . . To day shalt thou be with me in paradise. St. Luke 23, 43.	Yea thou shalt wake in Paradise with Me.', P. W. 248.

Selbstlose Liebe und Güte, das war nach der Ansicht der Dichterin die Vollkommenheit der Frau, Mütterlichkeit ihre Aufgabe. Unter Mütterlichkeit verstand sie aber nichts anderes als eben die sich ganz hingebende Menschenliebe. Sie schreibt an Augusta Webster, eine bedeutende Vorkämpferin für die Rechte der Frau: „I do think, if anything does sweep away the barrier of sex, and make the female not a giantess or heroine but at once and full grown a hero and giant, it is that mighty maternal love which makes little birds and little beasts as well as little women matches for big adversaries." [1]) In den Sonetten Later Life [2]) schreibt sie ebenfalls ihre Meinung über die Frau:

„Let women fear to teach and bear to learn,
Remembering the first woman's first mistake."

In allen wichtigen Lebensfragen, darum auch in dieser, holte sie sich Rat aus der Bibel. Sie findet, dass das Geschick der Frau

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1) M. Bell: Chr. Rossetti p. 112.
2) Poet. Works p. 73. Later Life XV.

nach Gottes Willen dem Leben des Erlösers gleichen soll: die Frau muss gehorchen, "and Christ learned obedience.[1]) She must be fruitful, but in sorrow: and He, symbolised by a corn of wheat, had not brought forth much fruit except He had died.[2]) She by natural constitution is adapted not to assert herself, but to be subordinate: and He came not to be ministered unto but to minister; He was among His own 'as he that serveth'.[3]) Und sie freut sich ihres Berufes, weil der Herr ihn geheiligt hat: „And well may she glory, inasmuch as one of the tenderest of divine promises takes (so to say) the feminine form: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you'."[4])

An einer anderen Stelle sagt sie: „But what we may lawfully clip, pare, stint, is our own provision; the unique person whom we have a right to grind is ourself."

Ihr Weltschmerz hatte sich durch Weltverstehen in ein tiefes Weltmitleid aufgelöst. Grosse allumfassende Mütterlichkeit war die Grundkraft ihrer absolut weiblichen Natur; der Grundwille ihrer Seele: selbstlose Liebe.

For I was hungred and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. — St. Matth. 25, 35.

„Feed my hungry brethren for My sake;
Give them drink for love of them and Me:
Love them as I loved thee, when Bread I brake
In pure love of thee." P. W. 225.

. . . as I have loved you that ye also love one another. St. John 13, 35.

. . . Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. St. Matth. 25, 45.

„Thou didst it not unto the least of these,
And in them hast not done it unto Me." P. W. 148.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify

„O ye who taste that love is sweet
Set waymarks for all doubtful feet

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1) vgl. Hebr. 5, 8, und Genes. 3, 16.
2) vgl. Genes. 3, 16, und St. John 12, 24.
3) vgl. I. Peter 3, 7. — I. Tim. 2, 11, 12. — St. Mark 10, 45. — St. Luke 22, 27.
4) Isaiah 66, 13. — Seck and Find p. 31.

your Father which is in heaven. St. Matth. 5, 16.

That stumble on in search of it.
Lead life of love: that others who
Behold your life may kindle too
With love, and cast your lot with you." P. W. 131.

Wie ihre Gottes- und Menschenliebe, so ist auch ihre Hoffnung ganz gestützt auf das Wort Gottes in der Bibel:

"These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them;

They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward . . . Jerem. 50, 5.

This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet:
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,
My heart remembers it."
P. W. 25.

My son, give me thine heart . . . Prov. 23, 26.

"I think that Thou wilt bid me live,
And answer 'Give it Me'."
P. W. 123.

. . . I will make wailing like the dragons, and mournings as the owls. Micah 1, 8.

"Thus sat I mourning like a mournful owl,
And like a doleful dragon made ado." P. W. 139.

'Alas' grieves overmuch for pain that is ending,
Hurt that is mending,
Life descending soon to be ascending. —
Alleluja!" P. W. 135.

Die Verse der Offenbarung: Alas, alas that great city . . . Rev. 18, 16 und . . . I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluja; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God — Rev. 19, 1 gaben ihr Veranlassung zu letzterem Gedicht, das sich findet in „The Face of the Deep", p. 428.

Von der Hoffnung spricht das tief empfundene Gedicht: Palm Sunday P. W. 164 mit dem Motto: He treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of almigthty God. Revel. 16, 16.

St. Luke 15, 14.
. . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Isaiah 1, 18.

„Yea, thee My wandering sheep,
Yea, thee My scarlet sinner slow to weep,
Come to Me, I will love thee and will keep."

He will swallow up death in victory; . . . Isaiah 25, 8.

„Till death be swallowed up in victory" P. W. 198.

„Chastened not slain: cast down but not destroyed."
P. W. 209.

Furcht und Hoffnung, Demut und Vertrauen kommen in besonderer Weise zum Ausdruck in den Gedichten des Prosa-Werkes „The Face of the Deep", die eingestreut sind zwischen den Betrachtungen über Gericht und Hölle, wie sie Johannes in seiner Vision so erhaben und furchtbar schildert.

„. . . man's strength is to sit still:
Not wasting care
To antedate to morrow's good or ill;
Watch ye and pray . . . St. Mark 14, 38.
Yet watching meekly, watching with good will,
Watching to prayer."
P. W. 138.

. . . they will faint by the way; for divers of them came from far. St. Mark 8, 3.

„Lord strengthen us; lest fainting by the way
We come not to Thee, we who come from far;" P. W. 228.

. . . But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: Rom. 5, 20.

„O Jesus, Who lovest us all, stoop low from Thy Glory above:
Where sin hath abounded make grace to abound and to super-abound,

. . . but then face to face. I Corinth. 13, 12.

Till we gaze on Thee face unto
Face and respond to Thee love unto Love." P. W. 229.

In „The Face of the Deep" p. 320 führt sie aus: „The strong against the strong, spirit against spirit, then: the weak against the strong, flesh and blood against spirit, now. Nevertheless weakness is indomitable, flesh and blood invulnerable when they come „to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels. And prevailed not... And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God ...
Revelation 12, 7, 10.

Allelujah! Amen!
Bleed on beneath the rod;
Weep on until thou see,
Turn fear and hope to love of God
Who loveth thee."

.... the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world.
Revel. 13, 8.

„O Lamb of God, slain for man, slain for me.

Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all, but one receiveth the prize?
I Corinth. 9, 24.

Mark the wrestling, mark the race for indeed a crown;"
P. W. 224.

... Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.
St. Mark 9, 24.

„Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief:
Lord, I repent, help mine impenitence:

... turn not away the face of thine anointed. Ps. 132, 10.

Hide not Thy Face from me, nor spurn me hence,
Nor utterly despise me in my grief;

And he said unto Jesus, Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.
St. Luke 23, 42.

Nor say me nay, who worship with the thief
Bemoaning my so long lost innocence." P. W. 266.

„Still while we mount; rejoicing in Thy Name,
Yesterday, this day, day by day the Same:

. . . Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. Job 5, 7.	So sparks fly upward scaling heaven by fire." P. W. 265.
. . . and five of them were wise. St. Matth. 25, 2.	„With Virgins who keep vigil and are wise, Lord to Thine own grant watchful hearts and eyes;
I sleep, but my heart waketh. Solomon's Song 3, 2.	Hearts strung to prayer, awake while eyelids sleep." P. W. 177.
. . . Draw not nigh hither . . . Exodus 3, 5.	„Worship me not, For I than thou am holier: draw not near." P. W. 123.
My son, give me thine heart . . . Proverbs 23, 26.	„Worship Me: and give Thy heart to Me, My child." P. W. 123.

Eine Reihe von Gedichten behandeln die Worte: Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. St. Matth. 6, 26—29.

	„Clothe us as the lilies of a day, ... Thou who gatherest lilies, gather us and wear. P. W. 138.
	„Consider The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:" . . . P. W. 237.
	„They toil not neither do they spin:" „Clother of the lily, Feeder of the sparrow, Father of the fatherless, dear Lord,
. . . and set me as a mark for the arrow. Lament. 3, 12.	Tho' Thou set me as a mark against Thine arrow,
. . . who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Ps. 124, 6.	As a prey unto Thy sword,

ı shall be plowed like
l . . . Jerem. 26, 18.

be holden in cords of
ion. Job 36, 8.

bed is shorter than
ı man can stretch him-
ɔn it: and the cover-
ıarrower than that he
'rap himself in it.
Isaiah 28, 20.

As a ploughed-up field beneath
Thy harrow,

As a captive in Thy cord,
Let that cord be love; and some
day make my narrow

Hallowed bed according to Thy
Word. Amen." P. W. 227.

der Schilderung des Himmels nimmt die Dichterin ihre
nd Vergleiche hauptsächlich aus der Geheimen Offenbarung,
ıer wiederkehrender Gedanke ist aber: Eye hath not seen,
heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things
od hath prepared for them that love him. I. Corinth. 2, 9.

„Eye hath not seen: — yet man
hath known and weighed
A hundred thousand marvels that
have been:
. . . . . .
Ear hath not heard: —
. . . . . .
Nor heart conceived:" P. W. 129.

oman, clothed with the
. . Revelation 12, 1.

having spot, or wrinkle
y such thing; . . :
Ephes. 5, 27.

have washed their ro-
and made them white
e blood of the Lamb.
Revelation 7, 14.

„Fair City of delights, the Bride
In raiment white and clean,

When shall we see thee loving-
eyed,
Sun-girdled, happy Queen?

Without a wrinkle or a spot,
Blood-cleansed, blood-purchased
once:
In how fair ground is fallen the lot
Of all thy happy sons!"
P. W. 186.

The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold.
Ps. 45, 13.

„The King's Daughter is all glorious whitin,
Her clothings of wrought gold sets forth her bliss." P. W. 207.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.
Revelation 21, 21.

„By golden streets, thro' gates of pearl unpriced,

. . . enter into the joy of thy Lord. St. Matth. 25, 21.

They entered on the joys that will not cease,

. . . These were redeemed from among men, being the firstfruits unto God and unto the Lamb. Revelation 14, 4.

And found again all firstfruits sacrificed.

. . . clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold.
Revelation 4, 4.

And wherefore have you harps, and wherefore palms,
And wherefore crowns, O ye who walk in white?

. . . and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne . . . Revelation 4, 10.

Because our happy hearts are chanting psalms,
Endless Te Deum for the ended fight;
While thro' the everlasting lapse of calms
We cast our crowns before the Lamb our Might." P. W. 212.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.
I. Corinth. 9, 24.

„Full-breathed victorious racers from all runs,
. . . . . .

. . . and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.
St. Matth. 10, 39.

Life-losers with their losses all made good,

Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled.
St. Luke 6, 21.

All blessed hungry and athirst sufficed,

And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.
St. Matth. 10, 38.

All who bore crosses round the Holy Rood,

And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! — For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my mother and sister and brother. St. Matth. 12, 49, 50.

Friends, brethren, sisters, of Lord Jesus Christ." P. W. 212.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.
Revelation 22, 1.

„More deep than the seas is that River,
More full than their manifold tides,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and abides.

And the gold of that land is good. Genesis 2, 12.

Pure gold is the bed of that River
(The gold of that land is the best),
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows on at rest.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manners of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations:
Revelation 22, 2.

„For lo on each bank of that River
The Tree of Life life-giving grows,
Where for ever and ever and ever
The Pure River flows." P. W. 171.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in

„Open ye gates, that the righteous nation
Which have kept the truth may enter in.

through the gates into the city. Revelation 22, 14.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls . . .
Revelation 21, 21.

Roll ye back, ye pearls, on twelvefold station:

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, . . . Revelation 21, 4

No more death to die, no fights to win!" P. W.

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder: . . . And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, . . .
Revelation 14, 2, 3.

„As the voice of many wate
saints sing as one,
As the voice of an uncle
thundering;" P. W.

. . . . and there was a rainbow round about the throne . . .
Revelation 4, 3.

„Circling round the rainbo
their perfect ring,

. . . and they rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come. Revelation 4, 8.

Twelve thousand times t
thousand voices in unison
Swell the triumph, swell the
of Christ the King." P. W

. . . my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you . . .
St. John 14, 27.

„Lord grant us what Thou
and what Thou wilt
Deny, and fold us in Thy p
ful fold:
Not as the world gives, gi
us Thine own:
Inbuild us where Jerusale
built

Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house,
I. Peter 2, 5.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: . . . and the street of the city was pure gold . . .
Revelation 21, 18, 21.

With walls of jasper and
streets of gold,

. . . Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him, shall not be confounded.
I. Peter 2, 6.

And Thou Thyself, Lord Christ, for Corner Stone." P. W. 266.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Rom. 13, 12.

„The night is far spent, the day is at hand:
Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness,
And let us put on the armour of light." P. W. 196.

III.

Das geistliche Jahr Christina Rossettis.

Die Dichterin war ein eifriges Mitglied der High Church, und zwar der ritualistischen Richtung derselben. In der Betrachtung und Auslegung der Bibel richtete sie sich genau nach ihren kirchlichen Beratern, und war ängstlich besorgt, jede, auch die geringste Abweichung zu vermeiden. Als sie sich entschlossen hatte, ihre Gedanken über das tiefste und geheimnisvollste Buch der hl. Schrift, die Apokalypse, der Oeffentlichkeit zu übergeben, schreibt sie zum Schluss: „If I have been overbold in attempting such a work as this, I beg pardon."[1]) M. Bell erzählt uns in seiner Biographie Christinas, dass er den Bruder der Dichterin gefragt habe: „Do you think that your sister, a great poet, always subordinated the wording of her poems to her views as to theological doctrine?" Die Antwort war: „I do not say Christina never used a merely poetical phrase; but I do say that in the main she kept strictly to what she considered theological truth."[2]) Ihrem Mitleben mit der Kirche entsprangen Gedichte, die dem Gemeindegefühl an den hohen Tagen des Kirchenjahres Ausdruck geben.

So besitzen wir denn auch von Christina Rossetti ein geistliches Jahr, allerdings nicht von ihr selbst so zusammengestellt, wie das unserer grossen deutschen Dichterin. Zum grössten Teil finden sich die Lieder in ihrem Prosa-Band, Time Flies, A Reading Diary. In diesem Büchlein gibt sie für jeden Tag des Jahres irgend einen anregenden, guten Gedanken in Prosa oder in Poesie. Erstere ist gewöhnlich bestimmt, kurz, letztere innig und tief. Ein Teil der Festgedichte findet sich in ihren anderen Sammlungen.

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1) The Face of The Deep p. 551.
2) Christina Rossetti p. 211—212.

Adventstimmung

zeigen folgende Gedichte:

	„This Advent moon shines cold and clear. These Advent nights are long; Our lamps have burnt year after year And still their flame is strong.
. Watchman, what of the night? Isaiah 21, 11.	'Watchman, what of the night?' we cry, Heart-sick with hope deferred: 'No speaking signs are in the sky', Is still the watchman's word.
	We sing a slow contented song And knock at Paradise. Weeping we hold Him fast Who wept For us, we hold Him fast;
And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me. Genesis 32, 26.	And will not let Him go except He bless us first or last." P. W. 202.

Als Note zu diesem Gedicht schreibt ihr Bruder W. M. Rossetti: „In the annotated copy of her Poems Christina wrote against this one: 'Liked, I believe, at East Grinstead' — which one may well credit. The liking is shared, by the 'Wise Virgins' of that establishment, with the greatest living British (or European) poet, Mr. Swinburne, who has fixed upon this composition as about the crown of Christina's devotional work. The greater part of it was set to music for Christina's funeral service at Christ Church, Woburn Square, by the organist, Mr. Lowden. I heard the music sung and can testify to its beautiful and touching effect."

. . . . . Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. St. Matth. 25, 6.	„Behold, the Bridegroom cometh: go ye out With lighted lamps and garlands round about To meet Him in a rapture with a shout.

. . . . . let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together; . . . Isaiah, 45, 8.	. . . . . Earth shall upheave her depth, uproot her rock." P. W. 156.
. . . . therefore she took a veil, and covered herself. Genesis 24, 65.	„Like pure Rebekah at the appointed place Veiled, she unveils her face to meet His Face.
. . . . Esther put on her royal apparel, and stood in the inner court of the king's house, ... Esther 5, 1.	Like great Queen Esther in her triumphing She triumphs in the Presence of her King.
	. . . . . He speaks with Dove-voice of exceeding love,
O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock . . . Solomon's Song, 2, 14.	And she with love-voice af an answering dove" P. W. 157,

Im engsten Anschluss an das Evangelium des zweiten Sonntags im Advent,[1]) von dem Ende der Welt und dem letzten Gericht,[2]) entstand das Gedicht, „After This The Judgement" P. W. 188, das ursprünglich den Titel „In Advent" hatte:[3])

Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Isaiah 49, 15.	„Love me as very mother loves her son, Her sucking firstborn, fondled on her knee: Yea more than mother loves her little one; For, earthly, even a mother may forget And feel no pity for its pitious moan. . . . .
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. St. John 15, 13	Ah Love of God, if greater love than this Hath no man, that a man die for his friend."

1) vgl. The Book of Common Prayer.
2) St. Luke 21, 25.
3) P. W. 472.

. . . and behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds. Number 17, 8.

„Then Awful Judge, most awful God,
Then cause to bud Thy rod,
To bloom with blossoms, and to give
Almonds; yea, bid us live."
P. W. 157.

Weihnachtslieder.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given . . . . Isaiah 9, 6.

„Let us kneel down with one accord
And render thanks unto the Lord:
For unto us a Child is born
Upon this happy Christmas morn;
For unto us a Son is given,
Firstborn of God and Heir of Heaven." P. W. 117.

. . . . . and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. St. Matth. 4, 11.

„What presents will He take from us?
Will He take gold, or precious heap
Of gems? or shall we rather steep
The air with incense, or bring myrrh?
What man will be our messenger?
To go to Him and ask His will?

I am the door . . . . .
I am the way . . . St. John 10, 7. und 14, 6.

He is our Messenger beside,
He is our door and path and Guide:
He also is our Offering:
He is the gift that we must bring." P. W. 117.

Den Engelsgesang: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men, St. Luke 2, 14, behandeln besonders die Gedichte: „Whoso hears . . ." P. W. 278 und „A holy heavenly chime", P. W. 279.

Hail, thou that art full of grace . . . St. Luke 1, 28.

„Swoop, Angels, flying swoop,
Adoring as you gaze,
Uplifting hymns of praise: —
'Grace to the Full of grace!'

. . . . . .

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
Genesis 1, 3.

That Voice which spake with might
„Let there be light" — and light
Sprang out before our sight.

. . . . . .

. . . . and Mary hath chosen that good part, ...
St. Luke 10, 42,

Heart that must bleed and smart
Choosing the better part.

. . . . . .

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.
St. Luke 2, 10, 11.

'Glory to God' they sing:
Good news of peace we bring,
For Christ is born a King.'
P. W. 279.

Neujahrsgedichte.

Aus den Jahren 1856, 58, 60 stammen die „Old And New Year Ditties" P. W. 190, mit den ursprünglichen Titeln: „The End of the Year", „New Year's Eve", und „The Knell of the Year". Der Grundgedanke der beiden ersten ist das Bibelwort: My beloved is mine, and I am his: . . . Solomon's Song 2, 16.

„I, Love am Thine; Thou, Lord my God, art mine."
P. W. 191.

Der letzte Teil, Passing away, ist nach dem Urteil W. M. Rossetti's vielleicht das schönste Gedicht Christina's: „I have always regarded this last as the very summit and mountain-top of Christina's work. I will not say nor indeed think that nothing besides of hers is equal to it; but I venture to hold that, while she never wrote anything to transcend it in its own line, neither did any one else. The poem depends for its effect on nought save its feeling, sense, and sound; for the verses avoid regularity of the or-

kind, and there is but one single rhyme throughout. The essentially one of triumph though of triumph through the rievousness of experience past and present." P. W. 472. in Inhalt und Form für Christina Rossetti besonders charakch ist, möge es hier unverkürzt folgen.

„Passing away, saith the World, passing away:
Chances, beauty, and youth, sapped day by day:
Thy life never continueth in one stay.
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to grey
That hath won neither laurel nor bay? [1])

iow also the axe is unto the root of the
. . . . .
St. Math. 3, 10.

I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.
Then I answered: Yea.
Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away:
With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play,

ot up for yourselves ures upon earth, where i and rust doth cor- . . . St. Matth. 6, 19.

Hearken what the past doth witness and say:

richess are corrupted, rour garments are moth- i. Your gold and sil- s cankered; and the rust iem shall be a witness ist you,... James 5, 2, 3

Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.

Zu dieser Stelle bemerkt W. M. Rossetti, p. 472 —: „It is quite pos- Christina — the most modest of poets, but by no means wanting in consciousness of poetic faculty — thought in 1860 that the bay had t waiting quite long enough; and it is a fact that, between 24. July 1860, of The Lambs of Westmoreland and 23. March 1861, the date of Easter e wrote no verse whatever except this Knell of the Year.

And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him . . .
St. Matth, 25, 6.

At midnight, at cockcrow, at m
ning, one certain day
Lo the Bridegroom shall come
shall not delay;

Watch and pray, . . .
St. Matth. 26, 41.

Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered: Yea.

For, lo, the winter is past, . . .
Solomon's Song 2, 11.

Passing away, saith my God, p
sing away:
Winter passeth after the l
delay:

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell . . .
Solomon's Song 2, 13.

New grapes on the vine, new
on the tender spray,

. . . and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
Salomon's Song 2, 12.

Turtle calleth turtle in Heav
May.

Watch and pray, ...
St. Matth. 26, 41.

Though I tarry, wait for Me, t
Me, watch and pray:

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
Solomon's Song 2, 13.

Arise, come away, night is p
and lo it is day,
My love, My sister, My spo
thou shalt hear Me say.
Then I answered: Yea."
P. W. 191

Für das Dreikönigsfest.

„But I have only brought
Myrrh; no wise afterthou
Instructed me

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their trea-

To gather pearls or gems,
choice to see
Coral or ivory. —
'Not least thine offering pro
thee wise:
For myrrh means sacrifice,

sures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
St. Matth. 2, 11.

And He that lives, this Same is He that dies.' —
'Then here is myrrh: alas, yea woe is me
That myrrh befitteth Thee.'"
P. W. 161.

. . . the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. Esther 5, 2.

„Full of pity view us; stretch Thy sceptre to us,
Bid us live, that we may give ourselves to Thee:" P. W. 161.

Das Fest der Darstellung des Herrn.

. . . was there the tree of life, . . .
Revelation 22, 2.
I am the resurrection, and the life: . . . . St. John 11, 25.

. . . . hast not thou
The tree of life's own bough?
Am I not Life and Resurrection now?
My Cross, balm bearing bough
For such as thou?'
. . . . . .
'If thou wilt not go empty, spend thy store;
And I will give thee more, . . ."
P. W. 281.

. . . go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: . . St. Matth. 19, 21.

. . . . they brought him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord; . . . . And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, A pair of turtledoves, or two young pigeons.
St. Luke 2, 22—24.
A bruised reed shall he not break, . . .
Isaiah 42, 3.

„A Virgin and two doves were all Thy train,
With one old man for state,
When Thou didst enter first thy Father's gate.
. . . . . .
. . . loving Lord, accept us in good part;
And give me grace to wait,
A bruised reed bowed low before Thy gate." P. W. 172.

Das Gedicht für Septuagesima

umschreibt die Worte der Epistel des Tages, vgl. The Book of Common Prayer: The Sunday called Septuagesima; I. Corinth. 9, 24: Know ye not, that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain:

„One step more, and the goal receives us;
One word more, and life's task is done;
One toil more, and the Cross is carried
And sets the sun." P. W. 161.

Sexagesima

ist ein Gedicht überschrieben mit dem Motto: „Cursed is the ground for thy sake, Genesis 3, 17. Es ist ohne Zweifel verfasst unter dem Eindruck des Evangeliums des Tages von dem Sämann, St. Luke 8, 4, vgl. auch The Book of Common Prayer: The Sunday called Sexagesima.

And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good . . . Genesis 1, 31.

„Yet earth was very good in days of old,
. . . . . .

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth . . . Revelation 21, 1.

Nor heaven may be renewed
Except with earth: and once more in that day
Earth shall be very good."
P. W. 161.

And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. Genesis 2. 10.

„Four rivers watered Eden in her bliss,

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, . . . Revelation 22, 1.

But Paradise hath One which perfect is
In sweetnesses.

And the gold of that land is good . . . Genesis 2, 12.

Eden had gold, but Paradise hath gold

. . . and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. Revelation 21, 18.

Like unto glass of splendours manifold.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. Revelation 21, 23.

But Paradise hath God and Lamb for light,
And hath no night." P. W. 162.

Für den Sonntag Quinquagesima

ringt das Book of Common Prayer die Epistel I. Corinth. 13 ber die Liebe. Das Gedicht für den Tag bringt dieselben Geanken

harity suffereth long, . . . oeareth all things . . . endureth all things . . . Charity never faileth: . . .
I. Corinth. 13, 4, 7, 8.

„Love loves for ever,
And finds a sort of joy in pain,
And gives with nought to take again,
And loves too well to end in vain:"
P. W. 163.

Gedichte für die Passionszeit.

. . . turn ye even to me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning. And rend your hearts, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. Joel 2, 12, 13.

„My God, my God, have mercy on my sin,
For it is great; and if I should begin
To tell it all, the day would be too small
To tell it in." P. W. 163.
„Good Lord, to day
I scarce find breath to say:
Scourge, but receive me.
For stripes are hard to bear, but worse
Thy intolerable curse;
So do not leave me." P. W. 163.
Vgl. The Book of Common Prayer: Ash Wednesday.

. . . . Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.
St. John 7, 37.
. . . knock, and it shall be opened unto you: . . .
St. Matth. 7, 7.

„Come, every one that thirsteth, come — Come prove Me, knocking at My gate.' — (Some souls draw nigh) — P. W. 164.

He treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God, Revelation 19, 15 ist das Motto zu dem Gedicht Palm Sunday, P. W. 164;

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. St. John 19, 28.

„I lift mine eyes, and see
Thee, tender Lord, in pain upon the tree,
Athirst for my sake and athirst for me." P. W. 165.

And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads, and saying, ... Likewise also the chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, ...
St. Mark. 15, 28--30.

„Man's death is life. For Christ endured to die
In slow unuttered weariness of pain,
A curse and an astonishment, passed by,
Pointed at, mocked again
By men for whom He shed His Blood — in vain?" P. W. 166.

And the vine said ... Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Judges 9, 13.

„The great Vine ....
. . . . . .
Put off sweetness, tasted bitterness, endured time's fashioning;
Put off life and put on death: — and lo it was all to bring
All its fellows down to a death which hath lost the sting,
All its fellows up to a life in endless triumphing, —" P. W. 166.

O death, where is thy sting?
I. Corinth. 15, 55.

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.
St. Matth. 27, 45.

„In face of darkened heaven and earth that shook: —

... and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent;
St. Matth. 27, 51.

In face of earth and heaven, take Thou my whole
Heart, O Lord Jesus Christ."
P. W. 167.

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, ...
St. John 19, 34.

„Bring forth the Spear.
. . . . . .
Thine own were pierced and broken for our sake,
O Jesus Christ." P. W. 167.

I am the good shepherd: . . .
St. John 10, 11.

. . . and thou shalt smite the rock, . . . Exodus 17, 6.

So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.
St. Matth. 27, 66.

And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, And laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: . . .
St. Matth. 27, 59, 60.

. . . for love is strong as death;
Solomon's Song 8, 6.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
Solomon's Song 4, 6.

„Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock." P. W. 234.

„The sepulchre made sure with ponderous stone,
Seal that same stone, O priest:
. . . . . .
Set a watch about the sepulchre
To watch on pain of death:
. . . . . .
Bring your finest linen and your spice,
Swathe the sacred Dead,
Bind with careful hands and piteous eyes
The napkin round His head:
Lay Him in the garden-rock to rest:" P. W. 232.

„Surely a garden full of Angels too,
Wondering, on watch, alone.
. . . . . .
Adoring God in His new mystery
Of Love, more deep than hell, more strong than death;
Until the day break and the shadows flee,
The Shaking and the Breath."
P. W. 167.

Osterlieder.

. . . and trimmed their lamps.
St. Matth. 25, 7.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest . . . St. Matth. 9, 38.

„Set your lamps burning.
Speech is left speechless;
Set you to singing,
Fling your hearts open wide,
Set your bells ringing:
Christ the Chief Reaper
Comes, His sheaf bringing."
P. W. 168

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; ... The figtree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell ...
Solomon's Song 2, 11, 13.

„Flash forth, thou Sun,
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.
Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.
Bud, Fig and Vine,
Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine." P. W. 255.

... and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: Isaiah 40, 4.

„For Christ Who rose shall die no more again:
Amen: till He makes all things plain" P. W. 169.

... sowed tares among the wheat, ... then appeared the tares also.
St. Matth. 13, 25, 26.

„Who scatters tares shall reap no wheat,
But go hungry while others eat.

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind ... Hosea 8, 7.

Who sows the wind shall not reap grain;
The sown wind whirleth back again." P. W. 169.

Gedichte für das Fest Christi Himmelfahrt.

.... learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: ...
St. Matth. 11, 29.

„Lord, make us meek, for Thou Thyself art meek;
Lord, Thou art Love, fill us with charity. ....
Suffice us as Thy saints Thou hast sufficed;
That beautified, replenished, comforted,

... they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up,
Acts 1, 10.

Still gazing off from earth and up at heaven,
We may pursue Thy steps, Lord Jesus Christ." P. W. 169.

„A Cloud received Him out of their sight," Acts 1, 9 ist als Motto dem Gedicht „Ascension Day" P. W. 170 vorgesetzt:

esus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven. St. Matth. 18, 22.

„Therefore they stand on guard by day, by night,
Strenuous and strong.
They do, they dare, they beyond seven times seven
Forgive, they cry God's mighty word aloud:

. why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. Acts 1, 11.

Yet sometimes haply lift tired eyes to Heaven --
'Is that the cloud?'" P. W. 170.

Gedichte für das Pfingstfest.

Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. St. John 8, 34.

„Whom sin and sorrow make their worn reluctant thrall;

. . . Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Ps. 55, 6.

Who fain would flee away but lack the wings of dove;
Who long for love and rest; who look to Thee, and call
To Thee for rest and love."
P. W. 170.

a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, . . . cloven tongues like as of fire, . . . Acts 2, 2, 3.

„At sound as of rushing wind, and sight as of fire,
Lo flesh and blood made spirit and fiery flame,

. . . . . .

Vgl. Acts 3, 4, 5 ff.

These men chose death for their life and shame for their boast,
For fear courage, for doubt intuition of faith,

. . love is strong as death; . . . Solomon's Song 8, 6.

Chose love that is strong as death, and stronger than death
In the power of the Holy Ghost."
P. W. 170.

. . . thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: . . .
Solomons Song 4, 1.

„All simple-souled, dove-hearted and dove-eyed,

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice . . .
Solomon's Song 2, 14.

Soft-voiced, and satisfied in humble nest.

. . . yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. Ps. 68, 13,

Wondering at the bounty of Thy Love
Which gives us wings of silver and of gold;

... For, lo, the winter is past; . .
Solomon's Song 2, 11.

Wings folded close, yet ready to unfold

. . . my sister, my spouse . . . , my love, my dove, my undefiled . . .
Solomon's Song 5, 1, 2.

When Thou shalt say, 'Winter is past and gone:'
When Thou shalt say, 'Spouse, sister, love, and dove'"
P. W. 171.

Gedichte für das Fest Trinitatis.

. . . Behold the Lamb of God . . . St. John 1, 29.
. . and the Spirit like a dove . . .
St. Mark 1, 10.

„O Christ, the Lamb, O Holy Ghost the Dove,

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. St. John 14, 8.

Reveal the Almighty Father unto us;

. . . God is love . . .
I John 4, 16.

. . . . . .

Lo, if our God be Love thro' heaven's long day,
Love is He thro' our mortal pilgrimage,
Love was He thro' all aeons that are told.

They shall perish but thou remainest; . . . and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail. Hebrews 1, 11, 12.

We change, but Thou remainest; for Thine age
Is, Was, and Is to come, nor new nor old;

And God said unto Moses, I Am That I Am: . . . Exodus 3, 14.

We change, but Thou remainest yea and yea!" P. W. 172.

Marienlieder.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, . . . Isaiah 11, 1, 2.

„Fruitful shoot from Jesse's root graciously emerging?
. . . . . .

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. St. Luke 1, 28.

'Blessed among women, highly favoured', thus
Glorious Gabriel hailed her, teaching words to us:
Whom devoutly copying we too cry 'All hail!'
Echoing on the music of glorious Gabriel." P. W. 173.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. Solomon's Song 2, 1, 2.

„Lily herself, she bore the one
Fair Lily; sweeter, whiter, far
Than she or others are:
The Sun of Righteousness her Son,

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of rigtheousness arise with healing in his wings; . . . Malachi 4, 2

She was His morning star."
P. W. 179.

Gedichte über verschiedene Heilige.

Maria Magdalena.

And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.
St. Luke 7, 38.

„Her tears that fell upon His fee
As she wiped them with her curl
. . . . .
Trembling betwixt hope and fea
She sought the King of Heaven

Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many are forgiven; for she loved much: . . . St. Luke 7, 47.

Forsook the evil of her ways,
Loved much, and was forgiven
P. W. 8

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. Ps. 103, 5.

„Renew Thy youth, as eagle fro
the nest;

And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped. Revelation 14, 16.

O Master, who hast sown, ari
to reap: —
No cock-crow yet, no flush
eastern crest:
Our Master lies asleep."
P. W. 28

St. Petrus.

Peter said unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my life for thy sake. Jesus answered him, Wilt thou lay down thy life for my sake? Verily, verily I say unto thee, The cock shall not crow till thou hast denied me thrice.
St. John 13, 37, 38.

„I thought I had been stro
to die for Thee;
I disbelieved
Thy word of warning spok
patiently:
. . . . . .

And Peter took him and began to rebuke him. But when he had turned about and looked on his disciples, he rebuked Peter, saying, Get thee behind me, Satan:... St. Mark 8, 32, 33.

Once I had urged: 'Lord, this be far from Thee': —
Rebel to light, . . .
. . . . . .

. . . he found them sleeping . . . . . Lord, shall we smite with a sword? St. Luke 22, 45, 49.

I faithless slumberer in Gethsemane,
Blinded and rash; who instantly
Put trust, but in a sword.
. . . . .
Alas for me, who bore to think on Thee

. . . And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. St. Luke 22, 61.

And yet to lie!
While Thou, O Lord, didst bear to look on me . . .
. . . . . .

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise. St. Luke 23, 42, 43.

And blessed be the scorned thief who hangs by Thee,
Whose thirsting mouth
Thirsts for Thee more than water, whose eyes see,
Whose lips confess in ecstasy
Nor feeling their parching drouth." P. W. 176.

. . Launch out into the deep, . . . St. Luke 5, 4.

„. . . . he launched into the deep;
Strengthened should tempest wake which lay asleep,
Strengthened to suffer heat or suffer cold." P. W. 175.

St. Paulus.

And as he journeyed he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: Acts 9, 3.

„To start thee on thy outrunning race
Christ shows the splendour of His Face:" P. W. 172.

In weariness and painfulness, . . . II Corinth. 11, 27.

„In weariness and painfulness
St. Paul
Served God and pleased Him:"
P. W. 172

Eine Reihe von Gedichten, besonders über die biblischen Heiligen des Neuen Bundes, findet sich in dem Bande, Called To Be Saints: The Minor Festivals Devotionally Studied. Die Verfasserin glaubt, sich entschuldigen zu müssen, dass sie so lange, so ausführlich weilt bei den Dienern Christi.

Mit Abigail, der Braut des Königs David, spricht sie: 'Let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord.' Keiner dürfe ihr einen Vorwurf machen, „so long as with David our musings are on God's works, among the chief whereof is His sinful Saint made perfect; and so long as with St. Timothy our meditations are on charity, faith, purity, which array the Saints of Christ in a robe more excellent than the glory of Solomon or the loveliness of a lily." Sie fügt hinzu: „And whereinsoever I err I ask pardon of mine own Master to Whom I stand or fall, and of my brother lest I offend him."

Called to be Saints XIV.

St. Markus.

Take Marke, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry. II Timothy 4, 11.

„Once like a broken bow Mark sprang aside:
Yet grace recalled him to a worthier course,
. . . . .
And now a strong Evangelist, St. Mark
Hath for his sign a Lion in his strength;
And thro' the stormy water's breath and length
He helps to steer God's Arc."
P. W. 174.

. . . And the first beast was like a lion, . . . Revelation 4, 7.

Ein Gedicht über den hl. Barnabas geht aus von folgendem Bericht der Apostelgeschichte: And some days after Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the words of the Lord, and see how

ıey do. And Barnabas determined to take with them John, whose ırname was Mark. But Paul thought not good to take him with ıem, . . . And the contention was so sharp between them, that they eparted asunder one from the other: and so Barnabas took Mark, nd sailed unto Cyprus; Acts 15, 36—39.

„Divided while united, each must run
His mighty course not hell should overtake;
And pressing toward the mark must own the ache
Of love, and sigh for heaven not yet begun.
For saints in life long exile yearn to touch
Warm human hands and commune face to face;
But these we know not ever met again:
Yet once St. Paul at distance overmuch
Just sighted Cyprus; and once more in vain
Neared it and passed; — not there his landing-place." P. W. 174.

Now when we had discovered Cyprus, we left it on the left hand, . . .
Acts 21, 3.
. . . we sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary. Acts 27, 4.

Alle Heiligen und Engel.

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, . . .
Revelation 6, 10—11.

„The Martyrs look for New Jerusalem;
And cry 'How long?' remembering all they bore,
'How long?' with heart and eyes sent on before
Toward consummated throne and diadem.
'How long?' White robes are given to their desire;
'How long?' deep rest that is and is to be;" P. W. 178.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his cammandments hearkening unto the voice of his word.
Ps. 103, 20.

„Service and strength, God's Angels and Archangels;

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:
Ps. 104, 4.

His Seraphs fires, and lamps His Cherubim:

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Ps. 103. 21.

Sacred and free exultant in God's pleasure,
His will their solace, thus they wait on Him;
And shout their shout of ecstasy eternal,
And trim their splendours that they burn not dim
To 'ard their Creator.
Wherefore with Angels, wherefore with Archangels,
With lofty Cherubs, loftier Seraphim,

And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.
Exodus 3, 6.

We laud and magnify our God Almighty,
And veil our faces rendering love to Him
With all His creatures."
P. W. 177

IV.

Der stilistische Einfluss der Bibel auf Christina Rossetti.

Wie der Geist der Poesie Christina Rossettis ein durchaus biblischer ist, so drängen sich ihr auch die Worte der hl. Schrift fast unwillkürlich auf die Lippen, wenn sie sich religiöser Meditation in der Poesie hingibt. Dass ihre Bibelkenntnis eine aussergewöhnliche war, bezeugt W. M. Rossetti: „It is not every one who has the Bible so much at his finger's ends as my sister." P. W. 482.

Nicht nur ihr religiöses Bedürfnis fand in der Bibel Genügen, hohen Genuss brachte sie vor allem der Künstlerin. Die Poesie der Psalmen, der Schwung des Hohen Liedes, die schlichte Epik der Evangelien, die Tiefe der Apocalypse, musste ihre Dichterseele begeistern und musste unwillkürlich auch ihren ganzen Stil beeinflussen, wie ja schon die bisherigen Ausführungen gezeigt haben. Noch stärker tritt der stilistische Einfluss der Bibel in einer Gruppe ihrer Dichtungen hervor, die man als direkte Paraphrasen bezeichnen könnte. Sie lehnen sich entweder eng an den Text an oder ahmen die Form desselben nach.

Da ist an erster Stelle das psalmartige „All Thy Works Praise Thee, O Lord. A Processional of Creation." P. W. 68. Die Idee geht wohl aus von dem danielischen Lobgesang, Daniel 3. Wie dieser eine Aufforderung der Schöpfung ist zum Lobe Gottes, so ist das Gedicht ein Preisgesang aller Geschöpfe im engen Anschluss an die alttestamentlichen Lobeshymnen:

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

„Sun
I blaze to Him in mine engarlanding
Of rays, I flame His whole burntoffering,
While as a bridegroom I rejoice and sing.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. Ps. 19, 4, 5, 6.

Dews

We give ourselves in silent sec
ways,

I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. Hosea 14, 5.

Spending and spent in silence f
of grace;
And thus are made like God, a
show His praise.

And God made a wind to pass over the earth, ... Genesis 8, 1.

Winds

We sift the air and winnow
the earth;

To make the weight for the winds; . . . Job 28, 25.

And God Who poised our weig
and weighs our worth
Accepts the worship of our sole
mirth.

. . . but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of his jealousy. Zephania 1, 18.

Fire

My power and strenght are I
Who fashioned me,

. . . behold, I will make my words in my mouth fire, and this people wood, and it shall devour them. Jerem. 5, 14.

Ordained me image of His J
lousy
Forged me His weapon fie
exceedingly.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, . . . Ps. 19, 1, 2.

All

Let everything that hath or h
not breath,
Let days and endless days, let
and death,

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord. Ps. 150, 6.

Praise God, praise God, praise G
His creature saith." [1])

1) Eine Note zu diesem Gedicht — Poet. Works p. 463 — lautet: 1897 Prebendary Glendinning Nash, the Incumbent of Christ Church, Wob

Der Sonnett-Cyclus „Later Life", P. W. 73, beginnt mit einem feierlichen Psalm:

Before the mountains were settled... While yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world.
Prov. 8, 25, 26.

... the rod of mine anger, ...
Isaiah 10, 5.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him:... Job 13, 15.

„Before the mountains were brought forth, before
Earth and the world were made, then God was God:
And God will still be God when flames shall roar
Round earth and heaven dissolving at His nod:
And this God is our God, even while His rod
Of righteous wrath falls on us smiting sore: ...
For though He slay us we will trust in Him;
We will flock home to Him by divers ways:
Yea, though He slay us we will vaunt His praise,
Serving and loving with the Cherubim,
Watching and loving with the Seraphim,
Our very selves His praise through endless days."
P. W. 73.

Unter dem Eindruck der Schilderung des Weltunterganges in der Offenbarung — es findet sich an der betreffenden Stelle in The Face of the Deep p. 385 — ist das folgende Gedicht verfasst, es entspricht in seinen Gedanken den Worten des Jeremias 5, 22, 23:

Fear ye not me? saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence, ... But this people hath a revolting and a rebel-

„Tremble, thou earth, at the Presence of the Lord
Whose Will conceived thee and brought thee to the birth,

Square (the church frequented by Christina Rossetti in all her closing years), adapted a portion of this poem for a harvest festival under the name A Processional of Creation. It was set to music by Mr. Frank T. Lowden, and sung at the evening service in that church 21 October.

lious heart; they are revolted and gone. Jerem. 5, 22, 23.

But the Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and an everlasting king: at his wrath the earth shall tremble; Jeremias 10, 10.

Always, everywhere, thy Lord to be adored:
Tremble, thou earth.
Wilt thou laugh time away in music and mirth?
Time hath days of pestilence, hath days of a sword,
Hath days of hunger and thirst in desolate dearth." P. W. 199.

„Have I not striven, my God, and watched and prayed?
Have I not wrestled in mine agony?

. . . turn not away the face . . . Ps. 132, 10.

Wherefore still turn Thy Face of Grace from me?

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; . . . Isaiah 59, 1.

Is Thine Arm shortened that Thou canst not aid?" P. W. 228.

„Forget not Thy sorrowful servant, O Lord my God,

. . . he shall rule them with a rod of iron: . . . Revelation 19, 15.

Weak as I cry, faint as I cry underneath Thy rod,

. . . and I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth. Ps. 38, 13.

Soon to lie dumb before Thee a body devoid of breath,

. . . and man shall return again unto dust. Job 34, 15.

Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, a sod to the sod:
Forget not my life, O my Lord, forget not my death." P. W. 232.

Schon in der ersten Sammlung der Dichterin aus dem Jahre 1847 findet sich ein Sonnett, From the Psalms, ein Beweis aus ihrer ersten Periode, wie sie für die Schilderung ihres eigenen Seelenzustandes die Farben entlieh aus der Bibel:

. . . . all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears. Ps. 6, 6.

„All through the livelong night I lay awake,
Watering my couch with tears of heaviness.
. . . . . .

And I said, O that I had wings **like** a dove! for then would **I fly** away, and be at rest.
Ps. 55, 6.

. . . . and I spake —
Saying: Oh that I had wings like to a dove,
Then would I flee away and be at rest:
I would not pray for friends or hope or love,
But still the weary throbbing of mybreast:
And, gazing on the changeless heaven above,
Witness that such a quietness is best." P. W. 112.

Eine Umschreibung des 137. Psalms ist das Gedicht, By the **Waters** of Babylon: P. W. 233.

By the rivers of Babylon, there **we** sat down, yea, we wept, **when** we remembered Zion.
Ps. 137, 1.

„By the waters of Babylon
We sit down and weep,
Far from the pleasant land
Where our fathers sleep:
Far from our Holy Place
From which the glory is gone:
We sit in dust and weep
By the waters of Babylon.

We hanged our harps upon **the** willows in the midst **thereof.** Ps. 137, 2.

By the waters of Babylon
The willow-trees grow rank:
We hang our harps thereon
Silent upon the bank.
. . . . . .

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, **let** my right hand forget **her** cunning. P. 137, 5.

By the waters of Babylon
We thirst for Jordan yet,
We pine for Jerusalem
Whereon our hearts are set.
. . . . . .

O daughter of Babylon, who **art** to be destroyed; happy **shall** he be, that rewardeth **thee** as thou hast served us.
Ps. 137, 8.

By the waters of Babylon
Though the wicked grind the just,
Our seed shall yet strike root
And shall shoot up from the dust:
The captive shall lead captive,

The slave rise up and begone,
And thou too shalt sit in the dust,
O daughter of Babylon."
P. W. 233.

Denselben Titel: „By The Waters of Babylon" trägt ein anderes Gedicht, P. W. 239. Es ist fast keine Zeile in demselben, die nicht ihr Vorbild hätte in einem Bibelwort. Die Länge des Gedichtes erlaubt es nicht, es ganz hierher zu setzen, die charakteristischesten Stellen mögen genügen:

My flesh and my skin hath he made old; . . .
Lamentations 3, 4.

Here, where I dwell, I wasto to skin and bone;
The curse is come upon me, and I waste
. . . . . .

I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly, Ps. 38, 6.

Look not upon me, for my soul is bowed
Within me, as my body in this mire;
. . . . . .

. . . . my clothing was sackcloth: . . . Ps. 35, 13.
They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward . . . Jeremias 50, 5.

Vainly we girt on sackcloth, vainly kneel
With famished faces toward Jerusalem:

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear. Isaiah 59, 1, 2.

His heart is shut against us not to feel,
His ears against our cry He shutteth them,
His hand He shorteneth that He will not save,
His law is loud against us to condemn:
. . . . . .

Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them. And all the people shall say, Amen.
Deuter. 27, 26.

Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens . . . . They ravished the women in Zion, and the maids in the cities of Judah. Lament. 5, 2.—11.

He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, and indignation . . . Ps. 78, 49.

He divided the sea, and caused them to pass through; and he made the waters to stand as an heap. In the day time also he led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire. Ps. 78, 13, 14.

Then will the Lord be jealous. for his land . . . Joel 2, 18.

The Lord has sworn in truth unto David; he will not turn from it; Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy . throne. Ps. 132, 11

. . praise thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth: . . . Ps. 138, 2.

. . . thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth. Isaiah 25, 1.

. . . I have cut off like a weaver my life: . . . Isaiah 38, 12.

. . . we spend our years as a tale that is told. Ps. 90, 9.

There where my parents dwelt at ease before:
Now strangers press the olives that are mine,
. . . . . .
Their daughters took we for a pleasant prey,
Now they in turn have led our own away;
Our daughters and our sisters and our wives
Sore weeping as they weep who curse the day, . . .
His wrath came on us to the uttermost,
His covenanted and most righteous wrath:
Yet this is He of Whom we made our boast,
Who lit the Fiery Pillar in our path,
Who swept the Red See dry before our feet,
Who in His jealousy smote kings, and hath
Sworn once to David: One shall fill thy seat
Born of thy body, as the sun and moon
Stablished for aye in sovereignty complete.
. . . . . .
Thy Name will I remember in my praise

And call to mind thy faithfulness of old,

Though as a weaver Thou cut off my days
And end me as a tale ends that is told."

Out of the Deep, P. W. 234, ahmt ebenfalls in der Form die Busspsalmen nach:

Have mercy upon me, O God, .. Ps. 51, 1.
And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Exod. 3, 15.

Have mercy, Thou my God — mercy, my God!
. . . . . .
I pray for grace: but then my sins unpray
My prayer: on holy ground I fool stand shod - -
. . . . . .
Lord, I repent — help Thou my helpless loss."

An die feurigen Gebete der Patriarchen und Propheten erinnert „Wrestling", P. W. 247:

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. Genesis 32, 24.

Alas my Lord,
How should I wrestle all the live-long night
With Thee my God, my strength and my delight?

And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Genesis 18, 23.

Yet Abraham
So hung about Thine arm, outstretcht and bared,
That for ten righteous Sodom had been spared.

. . . And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Genesis 32, 26.

Yet Jacob did
So hold Thee by the clenched hand of prayer
That he prevailed and Thou didst bless him there.

. . . And Elijah . . . cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees . . , .
. . . and there was a great rain. I. Kings 18, 42, 45.

Elias prayed,
And sealed the founds of heaven: he prayed again,
And lo Thy blessing fell in showers of rain.

And the Lord spake unto the fish, and is vomited out Jonah upon the dry land . . . Jonhah 2, 10.	Gulpt by the fish And by the pit, lost Jonah made his moan,
. . . and God repented of the evil, that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not. Jonah 3, 10.	And Thou forgavest, waiting to atone.
And should not I spare Niniveh, that great city, . . . Jonah 4, 11.	All Niniveh Fasting and girt in sackcloth raised a cry, Which moved Thee ere the day of grace went by.
Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. Acts 12, 5.	Thy Church prayed on And on for blessed Peter in his strait, Till opened of its own accord the gate.
. . . in an agony he prayed more earnestly: . . . St. Luke 22, 44.	Yea Thou my God Hast prayed all night, and in the garden prayed, Even while like melting wax Thy strength was made.

Die wenigen hier besprochenen Gedichte mögen genügen, ihre Zahl liesse sich noch bedeutend vermehren. Man vergleiche z. B. „For Thine Own Sake, O My God," P. W. 252, „Until The Day Break," P. W. 252, „Of Him That Was Ready To Perish," P. W. 253, u. a., von denen zum Teil schon an anderer Stelle die Rede war. Ganz auf biblischen Text, St. Matth. 15, gegründet ist „I know You Not," P. W. 243, und in gleicher Treue gibt „A Prodigal Son," P. W. 251, die Bekehrung des verlorenen Sohnes wieder.

Unzählig sind die

wörtlich angeführten Stellen

des biblischen Textes; sehr viele Gedichte haben ein Bibelwort als einzige Überschrift, wohl wahrscheinlich in Nachahmung der Hym-

nen aus dem Book of Common Prayer.[1]) Um Wiederholungen zu vermeiden, sollen hier nur wenige Beispiele gegeben werden.

„Lord, let thy servant part in peace".
St. Luke 2, 29. — P. W. 11.
„The wilderness shall blossom as a rose."
Isaiah 35, 1. — P. W. 24.
„The iniquity of the fathers upon the children."
Exodus 20, 5. — P. W. 41.
„I, if I perish, perish."
Esther 4, 16. — P. W. 38.
„I have fought a good fight."
II. Timothy 4, 7. — P. W. 103.
„His rod and staff shall comfort me."
Ps. 23. 4. — P. W. 114.
„Death is swallowed up in victory."
Isaiah 25, 8. — P. W. 114.
„Friend, go up higher."
St. Luke 14, 10. — P. W. 123.
„Friend, enter thou my joy."
St. Matth. 25, 21. — P. W. 123.
„Be faithful unto death."
Revelation 2, 10. — P. W. 123.
„But thou couldst thou not watch one hour?"
St. Mark 14, 37. — P. W. 123.
„Night cometh:"
St. John 9, 4. — P. W. 124.
„Thy Will be done."
St. Matth. 6, 10. — P. W. 126.
„Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor heart conceived
I. Corinth 2, 9. — P. W. 129.
„Deep calls to deep."
Ps. 42, 7. — P. W. 129.
„Lift up your hearts."
Ezek. 11, 9. — P. W. 130.
„Give me thy heart."
Prov. 23, 26. — P. W. 130.

1) Vgl. Hymns Ancient and Modern for use in the services of the Chur

„She came from the uttermost parts of the earth."
St. Matth. 12, 42. — P. W. 134.
„The half was not told me."
I. Kings 10, 7. — P. W. 134.
„Thou knewest — thou oughtest therefore."
St. Matth. 25, 26, 27. — P. W. 136.
„Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."
St. Matth. 6, 20. — P. W. 140.
„Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."
Hebr. 12, 6. — P. W. 140.
„Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."
I Samuel 17, 32. — P. W. 141.
„Get thee behind me."
St. Mark. 8, 33. — P. W. 147.
„A bruised reed shall he not break."
Isaiah 42, 3. — P. W. 150.
„The heart knoweth its own bitterness."
Prov. 14, 10. — P. W. 152.
„Ye have forgotten the exhortation."
Hebr. 12, 5. — P. W. 153.
„Which speaketh unto you as unto children."
ibid. 12, 5. — P. W. 153.
„Behold the bridegroom cometh"
St. Matth. 25, 6. — P. W. 156.
„Behold, let us love one another."
St. John 4, 7. — P. W. 159.
„So run that ye may obtain."
I Corinth. 9, 24. — P. W. 161.
„Cursed is the ground for thy sake."
Genesis 3, 17. — P. W. 161.
„Do thou likewise."
St. Luke 10, 37. — P. W. 164.
„Judge not before that day."
I Corinth 4, 5. — P. W. 165.
„The Voice of my beloved."
Solomon's Song 2, 8. — P. W. 165.
„It is finished."
St. John 19, 30. — P. W. 167.
„A Cloud received Him out of their sight."
The Acts 1, 9. — P. W. 170.

„What is that to thee? follow thou me."
St. John 21, 22. — P. W. 123.
„One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His Side."
St. John 19, 34. — P. W. 137.
„A bundle of myrrh is my Well-beloved unto me."
Solomon's Song 1, 13. — P. W. 167.
„Arise, shine,
For thy light is come."
Isaiah 60, 1. — P. W. 204.
„King of kings and Lord of lords."
Revelation 19, 16. P. W. 222.
„. . . blessed and holy is he that has part in the first resurrection."
Revelation 20, 6. — P. W. 211.
„The Master is come, and calleth for thee."
St. John 11, 28. — P. W. 248.
„A pure River of Water of Life."
Revelation 22, 1. — P. W. 171.
„Winter is past and gone."
Solomon's Song 2, 11. — P. W. 171.
„Blessed among women highly favoured."
St. Luke 1, 28. — P. W. 173.
„Launch out into the deep."
St. Luke 5, 4. — P. W. 175.
„Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?"
St. John 13, 6. — P. W. 175.
„Lovest thou Me?"
St. John. 21, 15. — P. W. 179.
„How long?"
Revelation 6, 10. — P. W. 190.
„Behold, it was very good."
Genesis 1, 31. — P. W. 194.
„Whatsoever is right shall ye receive."
St. Matth. 20, 7. — P. W. 194.
„Was Thy wrath against the sea . . .?"
Habak. 3, 8. — P. W. 195.
„There is a time for all things."
Eccl. 3, 1. P. W. 197.
„All flesh is grass."
Isaiah 40, 6. — P. W. 200.

„There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."
Hebr. 4, 9. — P. W. 200.

„Watchman, what of the night?"
Isaiah 21, 11. — P. W. 202.

„Arise, my love, my fair one, come away."
Solomon's Song 2, 10. — P. W. 203.

„Can these bones live?"
Ezek. 37, 3. — P. W. 204.

„Love is strong as Death."
Solomon's Song 8, 6. — P. W. 210.

„Before the Throne, and before the Lamb."
Revelation 7, 9. — P. W. 211.

„Every one that is perfect shall be as his Master."
St. Luke 6, 40. — P. W. 213.

„As dying, and, behold, we live!"
II. Corinth. 6, 9. — P. W. 213.

„The love of Christ, which passeth Knowledge."
Ephes. 3, 19. — P. W. 215.

„Why cumbereth it the ground?" . . .
St. Luke 13, 7. — P. W. 217.

„Slain from the foundation of the world."
Revelation 13, 8. — P. W. 224.

„I was hungry, and thou feddest me."
St. Matth. 25, 35. — P. W. 225.

„As the Apple Tree among the trees of the wood."
Solomon's Song 2, 3. — P. W. 226.

„Surely He hath borne our griefs."
Isaiah 53, 4. — P. W. 227.

„They toil not, neither do they spin."
St. Matth. 6, 28. — P. W. 227.

„Peace I leave with you."
St. John 14, 27. — P. W. 230.

„Like as the hart desireth the water brooks."
Ps. 42, 1. — P. W. 231.

„That where I am, ye may be also."
St. John 14, 3. — P. W. 231.

„Fear not: it is I."
St. Matth. 14, 27. — P. W. 231.

„I know you not."
St. Matth. 25, 12. — P. W. 243.

„I give to my beloved sleep."
Ps. 127, 2. - P. W. 249.

„Vanity of vanities."
Eccl. 1, 2. — P. W. 249.

„Come to Me, and I will give thee rest."
St. Matth. 11, 28. — P. W. 253.

„Take on thee My yoke, and learn of Me."
St. Matth. 11, 29. — P. W. 253.

„Take care of him."
St. Luke 10, 35. — P. W. 257.

„I am the way, the truth, the life."
St. John 14, 6. — P. W. 258.

„Of him that was ready to perish."
Job 29, 13. — P. W. 253.

„Afterwards he repented."
St. Matth. 21, 29. — P. W. 123.

„If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not."
Prov. 24, 12. — P. W. 261.

„O Death, where is thy sting,
O grave, where is thy victory?"
I. Corinth. 15, 55. - P. W. 263.

„Where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt."
St. Matth. 6, 20. — P. W. 264.

„As the sparks fly upwards."
Job 5, 7. — P. W. 265.

„Cried out with tears: Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief:'
St. Mark 9, 24. — P. W. 266.

„I will come and heal him."
St. Matth. 8, 7. — P. W. 267.

„The gold of that land is good."
Genesis 2, 12. — P. W. 268.

„The greatest of these is charity."
I. Corinth. 13, 13. — P. W. 272.

„Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."
Ps. 150, 6. — P. W. 274.

„They shall be as white as snow."
Isaiah 1, 18. — P. W. 275.

„Do this, and he doeth it."
St. Matth. 8, 9. — P. W. 277.

„That no man take thy crown."
Revelation 3, 11. — P. W. 277.

„Let there be Light."
Genesis 1, 3. — P. W. 279.

„Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."
St. Mark. 9, 44. — P. W. 285.

„The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint."
Isaiah 1, 5. — P. W. 287.

„. . . there is nothing new beneath the sun."
Eccl. 1, 9. — P. W. 410.

„. . . it is good for us to be here."
St. Mark 9, 5. — P. W. 278.

Es liessen sich diese Beispiele, wo sie wörtlich Stellen aus der Bibel anführt, noch bedeutend vermehren; bis auf wenige gebrauchte die Dichterin in diesen Fällen anscheinend bewusst den genauen Text, da sie die Worte durch Anführungszeichen markierte.

Ungleich zahlreicher sind aber die Stellen in ihren Gedichten, wo sie ein Bibelwort umschreibt oder wo sie Bild und Gleichnis dem hl. Buch entlehnt:

And they sung a new song. Revelation 5, 9.	„They sang a song, a new song in the height," P. W. 24.
. . . for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave. Solomon's Song 8, 6.	„Though jealousy be cruel as the grave, And death be strong, yet love is strong as death." P. W. 61.

. . . be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. St. Matth. 10, 16.	„Harmless as doves and subtle as a snake." P. W. 61.
. . . rend your heart, and not your garments. Joel 2, 13.	„Rend hearts and rend not garments for your sins;" P. W. 73.
. . . thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Ps. 23, 4.	„His rod and staff shall comfort me: . . ." P. W. 114.
. . . whom the Lord loveth he correcteth.; . . . Ps. 3, 12.	„He giveth gladness where He will, Yet chasteneth His beloved still." P. W. 114.
Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away. St. Mark 13, 31.	„When heaven and earth have past away Only His righteous word shall stay," P. W. 114.
My soul is also sore vexed: . . . Ps. 6, 3.	„My heart is wearied and my spirit vext." P. W. 115.
. . . the cup which my father hath given me. St. John 18, 11.	„The cup my Father giveth me to drink, Shall I not take it meekly?" P. W. 116.
. . . yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. Ps. 51, 1.	„. . . . yea, underneath His wing I shall lie safe at rest and freed from care." P. W. 116.
Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. Job 14, 1.	„Man's life is but a working day" P. W. 121.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Ps. 126, 5.	„Now we sow love in tears, but then shall reap." P. W. 122.
They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward,.. Jeremias 50, 5.	„Our face is set to reach Jerusalem;" P. W. 122.
. . . the night cometh, when no man can work. St. John 9, 4.	„Night cometh: no more work when day is spent." P. W. 124.

And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.
St. Matth. 10, 38.

„Take up the Cross, and come and follow Me." P. W. 127.

Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom.
I. Kings 10, 8.

„Happy thy servants who stand to behold,
Stand to drink in thy gracious speech and mien;
Happy, thrice happy, the flock of thy fold." P. W. 135.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow:
St. Matth. 6, 34.

„Take no thought for the morrow." P. W. 138.

. . . and he treadeth the wine press of the fierceness and wrath of almighty God.
Revelation 19, 15.

„. . . Christ for my sake trod
The winepress of the wrath of God." P. W. 146.

. . but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.
St. Matth. 8, 20.

„. . . Who, living, dead,
For me lacked where to lay His Head." P. W. 146.

. . Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.
St. Matth. 25, 45.

„Thou didst it not unto the least of these,
And in them hast not done it unto Me." P. W. 148.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
Ps. 23, 1, 2.

„To find the Shepherd of the sheep,
The Lamb once slain,
Who leads His own by living streams —
Never again
To thirst, or need
Aught in green pastures where they feed." P. W. 149.

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge

„O Lord, how long,
Holy and True,
Shall vengeance for our blood be due?" P. W. 149.

our blood on them that dwell on the earth? Revelation 6, 10.	
Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. St. Matth. 23, 38.	„Our house is left us desolate," P. W. 151.
. . . and then shall the end come. St. Matth. 24, 14.	„The end of all things is at hand." P. W. 179.
. . . and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. Revelation 22, 2.	„Can give thee of that tree Whose leaves are health for thee;" P. W. 182.
Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, . . . St. John 17, 24.	„Be with Me where I am." P. W. 185.
, . . which have borne the burden and heat of the day. St. Matth. 20, 12.	„The heat and burden of the day were spent On Him, —" P. W. 185.
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. Job 39, 28.	„Saints, who . . . In the everlasting Rock have made their nest." P. W. 185.
Does the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? Job 39, 26.	„While the hawk spreads her wings toward the South." P. W. 186.
Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Isaiah 49, 15.	„Love me as very mother loves her son, Her sucking firstborn fondled on her knee: Yea, more than mother loves her little one;" P. W. 189.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. St. John 15, 13.	„Ah Love of God, if greater Love than this Hath no man, that a man die for his friend . . ." P. W. 190.

. . . the winter is past, . . . and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Solomon's Song 2, 11, 12, 13.

„Winter passeth after the long delay:
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May." P. W. 191.

. . . for these things our eyes are dim. Lament. 5, 17.

„I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;"
P. W. 191.

. . . or the golden bowl be broken, . . . Eccl. 12, 6.

„My life is like a broken bowl."
P. W. 191.

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Solomon's Song 4, 12.

„I must bear to wait,
A fountain sealed through heat and cold." P. W. 192.

. . . but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved. St. Mark. 13, 13.

„Lord, Who hast called them happy that endure, . . ."
P. W. 193.

. . . shall the Sun of righteousness arise . . . Malachi 4, 2.

„Yet still the light of righteousness beams pure,..." P. W. 193.

. . . I did mourn as a dove: . . .
Isaiah 38, 14.

„As Doves . . .
Not mourning any more; . . ."
P. W. 194.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.
Rom 13, 12.

„The night is far spent, the day is at hand:
Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness,
And let us put on the armour of light." P. W. 196.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: . . . I. Corinth. 13, 12.

„One day to see Him face to Face,
One day." P. W. 197.

. . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;
Revelation 21, 4.

„Oh when shall be the time of love
When Thou shalt wipe our tears?"
P. W. 197.

. . . and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, . . . Revelation 21, 4.	„No sorrow more, no death, no sting," P. W. 197.
Wherein I suffer trouble, as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. II. Timothy 2, 9.	„Serve Him in bonds, until He set thee free; Serve Him in dust, until He lift thee thence;
He will swallow up death in victory; . . . Isaiah 25, 8.	Till death be swallowed up in victory . . ." P. W. 198.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: . . . Job 14, 2.	„How man but like a flower Or shoot of grass Blooms an hour, Well may sigh 'Alas'!" P. W. 200.
. . . they trusted in thee, and were not confounded. Ps. 22, 5.	„They put their trust in Thee, and were not confounded." P. W. 201.
. . . . narrow is the way which leadeth unto life. St. Matth. 7, 14.	Was it the narrow way that I wended? Snares and pits was it mine to shun?
And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped. Revelation 14, 16.	The scythe has fallen, so long suspended, My harvest is done." P. W. 201.
The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. Jerem. 8, 20.	‚Man's harvest is past, his summer is ended," P. W. 202.
. . . and the honeycomb, which is sweet to thy taste: Prov. 24, 13.	„They sweet, but He most sweet, Sweeter than honeycomb." P. W. 202.
. . . And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Genesis 32, 26.	„And will not let Him go except He bless us first or last." P. W. 202.
But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Isaiah 49, 14.	„But Zion said: My Lord forgetteth me. Lo she hath made her bed In dust; forsaken weepeth she Where alien rivers swell the sea." P. W. 203.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
Ps. 137, 4.

„. . . her harpstrings cannot sound
In a strange land; discrowned
She sits, and drunk with woes."
P. W. 203.

The crown is fallen from our head: . . , Lament. 5, 16.

. . . he hath made me drunken with wormwood.
Lament. 3, 15.

. . . a fountain sealed.
Solomon's Song 4, 12.

„Sweet love, a fountain sealed to me:" P. W. 205.

. . . her clothing is of wrought gold. Ps. 45, 13.

„Her clothing of wrought gold sets forth her bliss;" P. W. 207.

The king's daughter is all glorious within: . . . Ps. 45, 13.

„The King's Daughter is all glorious within," P. W. 207.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow . . .
Revelation 21, 4.

„With tears wiped away, no conscience of sin,
Loss forgotten and sorrowful memories." P. W. 207.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?
Solomon's Song 8, 5.

„Who is this that cometh up not alone
From the fiery-flying-serpent wilderness,
Leaning upon her own Beloved One?
Who is this?" P. W. 207.

. . . thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: . . .
Solomon's Song 4, 1.

„Her eyes a dove's eyes and her voice a dove's moan, . . ."
P. W. 207.

. . . for sweet is thy voice, . . .
Solomon's Song 2, 14,

. . . yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. Ps. 68, 13.

„Thither all doves on gold or silver wing
Flock home thro' agate windows glistering." P. W. 208.

And I will make thy windows of agates. Isaiah 54, 12.

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. . . and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; . . . . Revelation 10, 10.	„Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth: . . ." P. W. 216.
. . . I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out. St. Luke 19, 40.	„Surely a stone Would raise Thy praises now!" P. W. 218.
. . . he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, . . . Isaiah 61, 10.	„Am I too poor to dress Thee in My royal robe of right eousness?" P. W. 219.
He telleth the number of the stars: he calleth them all by their names. Ps. 147, 4.	„Star and star He names, Himself outblazing all their flames:" P. W. 221.
Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; . . . St. John 13, 16.	„The follower is not greater than the Chief:" . . . P. W. 221.
. . . Lord, save me . . . St. Matth. 14, 30.	„Save, Lord, I perish." P. W. 222.
. . . what is that to thee? follow thou me. St. John 21, 22.	„. . . for what is that to thee? . . . . . . Follow thou Me!" P. W. 225.
This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. St. John 15, 12.	„Love them as I loved thee, when Bread I brake In pure love of thee." P. W. 225.
I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. Solomon's Song 2, 1.	„For He is Rose of Sharon nobly born, Our Rose without a thorn; And He is Lily of the Valley, He Most sweet in purity." P. W. 226.
. . . but the son of man hath not where to lay his head. St. Matth. 8, 20.	„He had no place wherein to lay His Head;" P. W. 227.
He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow. Lament. 3, 12.	„Tho' Thou set me as a mark against Thine arrow, . . ." P. W. 227.

. . . the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. Ps. 139, 12.	„Darkness and light are both alike to Thee:" P. W. 227.
But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: . . . Rom. 5, 20,	„Where sin hath abounded make grace to abound and to super abound;" P. W. 229.
. . . . for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. Revelation 12, 10.	„Day and night the Accuser makes no pause," . . . P. W. 229.
. . which built his house upon the sand; . . . and it fell: . . . St. Matth 7, 26, 27.	„Fell my house I built on sand," P. W. 233.
. . . and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. Revelation 19, 12.	„As a king with many crowns He stands, And our names are graven upon His hands:" P. W. 236.
. . . my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. St. Matth. 11, 30.	„Made His yoke easy and His burden light!" P. W. 237.
I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys. Solomon's Song. 2, 1. My heloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. Solomon's Song 5, 10.	„Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad roots, Vine of sweet fruits, Thou Lily of the vale with fadeless leaf, Of thousands Chief, Feed Thou my feeble shoots." P. W. 244.
. . . and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. St. John 10, 4.	„. . . . we hear Thy voice, Which Thine own know who hearing it rejoice." P. W. 247.
God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth; . . . Nahum 1, 2.	„He is jealous, thy God Almighty," P. W, 248.
Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? . . . Isaiah 63, 1.	„I came from Edom by as parched a track, As rough a track beneath My bleeding feet." P. W. 248.

I have trodden the winepress alone; . . . . Isaiah 63, 3.

„. . . . and trod
The winepress all alone:"
P. W. 248.

. . . . for I am sick of love . . .
Solomon's Song 2, 5.

„And I am sick of love in loving Thee.

. . . . jealousy is cruel as the grave.
Solomon's Song. 8, 6.

. . . . Speak and save,
For jealousy is cruel as the grave."
P. W. 249.

. . . To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.
St. Luke 23, 43.

„Yea thou shalt wake in Paradise with Me." P. W. 249.

And the gold of that land is good. Genesis 2, 12.

„And I know the gold of that land is good." P. W. 249.

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.
St. Luke 15, 19.

„Fallen from sonship, beggared of grace,
Grant me, Father, a servant's place." P. W. 252.

. . . that thou shouldest despise the work of thine hands, . . .
Job 10, 3.

„I plead Thyself with Thee Who art my maker,
Regard Thy handiwork that cries to Thee;" P. W. 252.

Come unte me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; . . .
St. Matth. 11, 28, 29.

„Who hast said 'Come to Me and I will give thee rest',
Who hast said 'Take on thee My yoke and learn of Me'," P. W. 253.

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.
St. Matth. 10, 34.

„What hast thou, what have I to do with peace?
Not to send peace but send a sword He came,
And fire and fasts and tearful night watches." P. W. 254.

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul.
Ps. 124, 4.

„Let not the waters close above my head," P. W. 258.

Ephraim also is like a silly dove without heart: . . . . . When they shall go, I will spread my net upon them; I will bring them down as the fowls of the heaven; . . . Hosea 7, 11, 12.

„Thy silly heartless dove that sees the lime
Yet almost flutters to the tempting bough:" P. W. 258.

. . . lead me to the rock that is higher than I. Ps. 61, 2.

„My God, set Thou me up upon the rock," P. W. 259.

He sitteth alone . . . He putteth his mouth in the dust; . . . Lament. 3, 28, 29.

„I sit alone, my mouth is in the dust:" P. W. 259.

. . the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. Genesis 4, 10.

„My brother's blood, my brother's soul, doth cry:" P. W. 260.

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?
I. Corinth. 15, 55.

„He bids me sing, O Death, where is thy sting?
And sing, O grave, where is thy victory?" P. W. 263

. . Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
St. Matth. 6, 10.

„Thy Will be done in earth as heaven to-day;" P. W. 264.

Yet the Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to see, and ears to hear, unto this day. Deut. 29, 4.

„Lord, grant us eyes to see and ears to hear, . . ." P. W. 266.

And hide not thy face from thy servant; . . . Ps. 69, 17.

„Hide not Thy Face from me, nor spurn me hence, —"
P. W. 266.

„For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.
St. Matth. 6, 21.

„Call up our hearts to Thee, that where Thou art
Our treasure and our heart may dwell at one:" P. W. 267.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.
St. John 15, 13.

„No man hath greater love than thus to die." P. W. 267.

. . . for thy love is better than wine. Solomon's Song 1, 2.	„Then would Thy Love be more to me than wine," P. W. 268.
. . . No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. St. Luke 9, 62.	„Who looked not back with hand upon the plough!" P. W. 269.
. . . My kingdom is not of this world: . . . St. John 18, 36.	„His wealth is not of earth . . ." P. W. 269.
The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; . . . and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. . . . unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. Eccl. 1, 9—6—7.	„All things that go, return with measured pace, Winds, rivers, man's still recommencing race:" — P. W. 272.
For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: St. Matth. 6, 14.	„If thou hast sinned, forgive and be forgiven;" P. W. 273.
Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thoughts for the things of itself. . . . St. Matth. 6, 34.	„They leave to-morrow's cares Until the morrow, what it brings it bears." P. W. 276.
. . . but mine own vineyard have I not kept. Solomon's Song 1, 6.	„My vineyard that is mine I have to keep," P. W. 280.
Then let them which be in Judæa flee into the mountains: St. Matth. 24, 16.	„Flee to the mountain, tarry not." P. W. 341.
Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me. Job 19, 21.	„Have pity upon me, ye my friends," P. W. 341.

All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full, ... Eccl. 1, 7.

„All earth's full rivers cannot fill
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still." P. W. 344.

Then he turned his face to the wall, . . . II. Kings 20, 2.

„I turn my face in silence to the wall;" P. W. 344.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. Ps. 137, 2.

„I hang my harp upon a tree,
A weeping willow in a lake;"
P. W. 350.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Prov. 31, 28.

„Then may her children rise and call her blest,
Then may her Husband praise."
P. W. 352.

. . . Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, . . . Isaiah 3, 16.

„Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,
Your steps go mincing on their way; P. W. 355.

Let us lift up our hearts with our hands . . . Lament. 3, 41.

„I took my heart in my hand,"
P. W. 366,

I will pull down my barns, and build greater; . . . St. Luke 12, 18.

„Build barns, ye reapers, garner all aright,

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: . . . St. Luke 12, 20.

Though your souls be called to-night." P. W. 386.

. . and the King of Sheshach shall drink after them. Jerem. 25, 26.

„Though he drink at last, the King of Sheshach,
Yet he shall drink at the last."
P. W. 386.

. . Put up again thy sword into his place: . . . St. Matth. 26, 52.

„O Man, put up thy sword."
P. W. 386.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: Eccl. 3, 1.

„A time there is for change and chance.
A time for passing of the cub:“ P. W. 387.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thoughts for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. St. Matth. 6, 34.

„Let to-day suffice to-day:
For itself to-morrow may
Fetch its loss,“ P. W. 402.

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